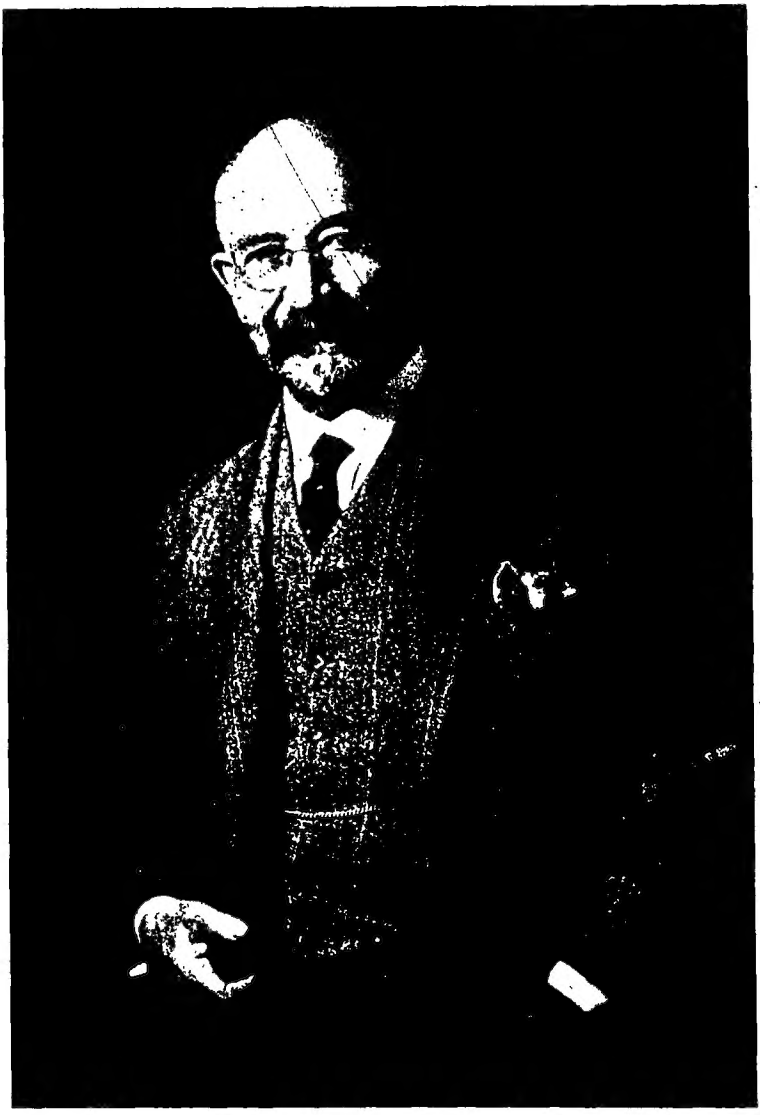
WHEN THE STEEL WENT THROUGH

by

P. Turner Ross

When The Steel Went Through

Reminiscences of a Railroad Pioneer



P. Turner Bone, C.E.

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Reminiscences of a Railroad Pioneer

By

P. TURNER BONE, C.E.

TORONTO
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA LIMITED
1947

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WITHDRAWN

PREFACE

In the literary world, there are writers who have done noteworthy work in their declining years. It is on record that Longfellow, for the fiftieth anniversary of his class at college, wrote:

"Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oepidus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
Who each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his Characters of men."

With such notable examples of successful defiance of age to stimulate me, I have, at "more than fourscore years", made my first literary venture. This appears in form as my reminiscences—which many of my friends have expressed the hope I would write.

A considerable part of this work covers my early days on the Prairies, and in the Rocky Mountains, when I was one of the engineers employed on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That was sixty years ago. There are few of us now left to tell a first-hand story of that work. So I have felt I should do my part in preserving some record of those days, by relating my own experiences.

In my presentation of these I have naturally mentioned quite frequently those with whom I was most closely associated. However modest the positions which some of them held, they played a necessary part in the construction of the railway; and, later, were prominent in the development of the West. They were worthy pioneers, whose names I have endeavoured to preserve, so that, though they pass out of sight they will not be forgotten.

P. TURNER-BONE.

340 Fourth Avenue West,
Calgary, Alberta,
May, 1945.

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INTRODUCTION

The writer of these reminiscences, who to the sorrow of his many friends departed this life while the manuscript was in the hands of the printer, was one of the last of the sadly dwindling band of pioneers who assisted in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and who in later years helped to create in Calgary one of the most interesting and colourful communities in the Western world. Canadians are notoriously careless about preserving records bearing on the early development and expansion of their own country. It is well, therefore, that one so well qualified as was Mr. Turner Bone should have told a great story to thrill and inspire the generations to come. In plain unvarnished prose he relates how the Canadian Pacific, having been hurled across the prairies at reckless speed, stormed the ramparts of the Rockies and the Selkirks and found its way to the peaceful Western sea. There is much information in this book which until now has never found its way into print, and which probably never would have done so had it not been for the acuteness of observation, and the remarkably retentive memory of Turner Bone. While there is no attempt at eloquence or fine writing, the narrative is illuminated from time to time by touches of sentiment which throw a light on the character of a singularly kindly and lovable man. He has left as his memorial a real contribution to Canadian history.

D'ALTON C. COLEMAN

When The Steel Went Through

Reminiscences of a Railroad Pioneer



Chapter I

INTRODUCTORY

MY EARLY recollections centre round my father. I have no very clear memories of my mother, for she died when I was only four years old. My brother Robert was then but five.

Father was thus left with two small boys to bring up, but he bravely shouldered his responsibilities.

He had the Spartan method of training: no coddling; be hardy. His word was law, but his law was dictated by a kind heart. Kindness was his very essence.

With the training he thus gave me I was well equipped for the part I was, in after years, destined to play in the pioneer life of Western Canada. I cannot therefore give a more fitting introduction to my reminiscences than by here paying him this well merited tribute.

Father was tenant-farmer of the farm of Turnberry Lodge, which forms part of the estate of the Marquis of Ailsa, in the Parish of Kirkoswald, Ayrshire, Scotland. The farmhouse, which was our home, is on the road between Maybole and Girvan, 7 miles from Maybole and 5 from Girvan.

The farm bordered on the seashore, and close by, to the north, was the fishing village of the Maidens. At a short distance from the house, to the south, on the Girvan road, was the tiny hamlet of Milton, which consisted of a smithy and a joiner's shop, and the homes of the smith and the joiner. To the east, quite near, was a grist-mill with an overshot water-wheel; and along the eastern border of the farm was a glen through which ran a burn,

known as the Milton burn. From this burn, water was diverted through a small artificial channel—known as the mill-race—to a dam above the mill, from which it was let out when required, to turn the water-wheel. To the west lay the expanse of the Firth of Clyde, with Ailsa Craig and the Argyll and Arran hills in full view. On a very clear day one might also see Ireland.

So, apart from the farm, with its many interests, we had other sights to divert us. At times we would go to the smithy and see the blacksmith shoe horses; look in on the joiner and watch him send forth great billows of shavings from his plane. At other times it might be the mill with its water-wheel which was the object of our curiosity. The mill-race with water apparently running up-hill particularly intrigued us.

On the farm we had the domestic animals; the horses and the cattle; the sheep and the pigs; the ducks and the hens; the cats and the dogs.

Of wild life we had hares and rabbits; mice and rats; moles and bats; pheasants and partridges; crows and pigeons; robins and wrens; larks and linnets; blackbirds and thrushes; swallows and starlings; jackdaws and sparrows; and many others. We had everything to make a boy's life happy, and to give him a sound knowledge of the fauna of the district, and their habits.

Of the women relatives who were a help to father in his care of us in our early childhood, I have a clear recollection of our grandmother Turner—Mother's mother. She was with us when Mother died, and stayed with us for a few weeks after.

Preparatory to our going to Kirkoswald school, Father gave us our first lessons in reading. He also prepared us to walk to school by having us first walk with him to Kirkoswald Parish Church on Sundays. So, by the time we went to school we were quite fit for the 3-mile walk. My brother Robert was then eight years old and I was seven. One hour was the time allowed for going to

school, but we generally took more than that coming home. At times we would come home by a roundabout road, spending our time on the way exploring the neighbourhood. We thus got a thorough knowledge of the local geography.

The schoolmaster, Mr. James Hutchison, was an energetic and able teacher. He did not despise the use of the tawse. He grounded us well in the three R's, and taught us some Latin. Like father, he was a keen curler, and when he had to play in some important competition, this led sometimes to our getting a half-holiday.

Two events of more than local interest took place during the time I attended the Parish School. The first was the General Election in 1868 in which the Whigs swept the Tories from power and Gladstone became Prime Minister. This was the last election in Britain in which open voting was the method of voting used.

We knew nothing of all this at the time—I was then only nine years old—nor anything whatever about politics. But we heard the names Whig and Tory during the election campaign; and knew there was some sort of fight going on between them. This gave us a brilliant idea: in our rough-and-tumble games at school, we took sides as Whigs and Tories. But whether the Whigs, or the Tories, finally won in these mimic contests, I cannot now say.

The second event was the Franco-Prussian War which broke out in 1870. We knew no more about the rights and wrongs of this than we did about the General Election; and so, played French and Prussians in our games in the same spirit as we had played Whigs and Tories during the election campaign.

One incident in connection with that war, I clearly remember: William Gordon, the foreman, came to see Father one Saturday night, bringing with him a leaflet which read:

"Napoleon surrendered to King William.
The army at Sedan are prisoners."

Gordon's son Johnny, who worked in Maybole as a joiner, had come home to spend Sunday with his parents, and had brought with him this latest bulletin. Little did any of us foresee then the world tragedy which that defeat of France by Prussia was ultimately to lead to.

Chapter II

AYR ACADEMY

IN 1871 we left Kirkoswald school and went to Ayr Academy, a day school for boys and girls. Pupils from the country were cared for in homes which made a specialty of taking academy pupils as boarders. Some were boarded with the married masters. My brother and I, along with two other boys, boarded with an elderly widow, Mrs. McEwan, and her daughter. The following year she had six of us; and we made a lively household.

Except for the short time we had stayed in Girvan, attending school there, this was our first experience of living in a much larger town; and Father, true to his training principles, had us stay in town for several weeks to get accustomed to our new way of life, before he let us go home for a week-end. Later, our week-ends at home became almost a regular custom; and we not infrequently had one or two of our school friends accompany us and take part in our Saturday sports. These might chance to be a battle with ferrets and dogs against the rats, which were very numerous and a great pest. I remember on one occasion our killing close to a hundred.

At the time we went to the academy, the Rector—James Macdonald—was just plain James Macdonald. But he shortly afterwards had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him, and so became Dr. Macdonald. I well remember the commotion in the school the day this became known. He was greeted with deafening cheers in every room in which he made his appearance. Some of the other masters made speeches of congratulation; these elicited

more cheers. It was truly a red-letter day in the life of the school. But notwithstanding his new title, Dr. Macdonald continued to be spoken of by the boys simply as the Rector.

I did not come much in contact with Dr. Macdonald in my early days at the academy, but as I got into the higher classes I came more and more under his influence; and to appreciate increasingly his sterling qualities. It was a pleasure to listen to his expositions; they were so clear.

In November, 1874, my studies were interrupted by a severe attack of typhoid fever which confined me to my room for two months.

About the middle of January, I was considered by the doctor well enough to undertake the journey home. So Father engaged a small, closed-in coach, on the floor of which had been placed several hot bricks wrapped in blankets; and in this he took me home. The day was clear and frosty, but I kept quite warm, and stood the 16 mile drive all right.

I was some two months at home convalescing, before I returned to the academy; and even then I did not feel particularly strong; nor did I have much inclination for study. So in that session—1874-75—which normally would have been my last at the academy, I learned but little. The consequence was, that I had to go back for another year.

I went back to the academy in September for my final session—1875-76. I had a desire to be a civil engineer, so I gave particular attention to mechanical drawing and mathematics; but not to the neglect of my other studies.

Mr. Anderson, who taught writing, drawing, and book-keeping had an assistant who, before coming to the academy, had been book-keeper in a butcher's shop in Ayr; so the boys promptly nicknamed him "Chops". I do not remember his real name, so I can only speak of him as Chops; and Chops he remained to the end. He

was, however, a capable teacher of book-keeping; and in his beautiful penmanship he set us a fine example to follow.

In Mr. Thomson's department we were well drilled in arithmetic, including a method of calculating certain problems, known as *Practice*. This method was used in calculating, for example, the value of so many acres, roods, and poles, at so many pounds, shillings and pence per acre. Quite an intricate problem, involving in its solution a series of calculations by vulgar fractions.

The opinion of *Practice* long held by boys and girls for whom arithmetic had no joyous appeal, is shown in the following rhyme, which a cousin of my father's—Miss Betsy Bone—learned at school, and recited to me in after years, when I was at the academy.

"Multiplication's my vexation
Division's twice as bad
The Rule of Three; it puzzles me
And Practice makes me mad."

Early in my life at the academy, I formed the habit in summer of bathing in the sea before breakfast. There was quite a group of us who did this; not only boys, but grown men. Our rendezvous was the quay-dike at the mouth of the harbour and we bathed from the side sloping toward the sea, in all kinds of weather. When a strong wind happened to be blowing shoreward, it was quite a joy battling with the waves as they came rolling in.

In the summer evenings we would hire row-boats, and pull our way along the shore, or well out to sea. So, with swimming and boating, the sea claimed much of my leisure time.

In the winter, Castlehill skating pond was the attraction. This was an artificial pond some two miles from Ayr, supplied with water from a nearby brook. We bought membership tickets for this skating pond each

year, and so could skate on it as often as we wished, when there happened to be ice. It was the custom of the academy to grant occasional holidays while the ice lasted; and many happy skating days we thus had.

Time sped on, and by July 1876, I had finished my school days. My brother Robert had then been some time in a lawyer's office in Ayr. But his heart was not in this work; farming was his bent. So he chose to stay at home and help Father on the farm. Had he not stayed, probably I should have done so. But I had long had the desire to be a civil engineer, and as Father quite approved, the way was now open to me.

At my father's request, Uncle Hill, who was cashier in the Head Office of the Union Bank in Glasgow, interested himself in my behalf and endeavoured to find an office where I could get a start. Uncle Hill, I may here explain, was a widower whose wife—a younger sister of my mother—had died before her. So I never knew nor heard of an Aunt Hill, nor of any little cousins of the name of Hill.

Uncle Hill and Father were very good friends, and he not infrequently came to Turnberry and stayed a night or two. It was on the strength of this friendship that my Father had asked him to try and find an opening for me in some civil engineer's office in Glasgow. But conditions in Glasgow at the time seemed very unfavourable for finding such an opening; and I had been about six months at home before he eventually succeeded.

But these six months were not passed in idleness; far from it; Father saw to that. I worked steadily on the farm; handling horses and all kinds of farm implements; and attending to sheep and cattle. I went at my work with a will, proud of being able to do a man's job.

Father also continued to take a hand in my education; for he taught me to measure land. Certain crops, potatoes, for example, were usually sold, as they stood, by the acre. An independent land surveyor made the measurements,

but my father always checked these for his own satisfaction. So that is how he came to teach me to measure land and make the calculations as to area from the field measurements. These calculations were generally followed by other calculations, of a brain-straining nature, in *Practice*; involving acres, roods, and poles with pounds, shillings, and pence.

Near the end of December a most welcome letter was received from Uncle Hill, advising that he knew of a civil engineering firm which had an opening for an apprentice. Father and I took the first train for Glasgow; and after calling on Uncle Hill, we interviewed the members of that firm, and came to a satisfactory arrangement which stipulated that I was to commence my apprenticeship early in the New Year. So I returned home with Father in high spirits, glad that the long uncertainty had at last come to an end.



Chapter III

APPRENTICESHIP IN GLASGOW

ON THE 4th of January, 1877, I became apprenticed for a term of five years to the firm of Kyle, Dennison and Frew, Civil Engineers and Land Surveyors in Glasgow. I was then seventeen years of age but bordering closely on eighteen.

With a view to obtaining suitable living-quarters I had, previous to this, written to an Ayr Academy class-mate—Tom Hyslop—who had procured a position with a firm of merchants in Glasgow, and was living alone there in lodgings. I told him of the position I had at last obtained, and asked him if I might share his rooms with him. His reply was to the effect that that was just what he would like me to do. So that settled the question of my living-quarters, and on my arrival in Glasgow I at once took up my abode with him. The rooms we shared consisted of a fairly large sitting-room and a bed-room, on the top floor of a tenement building in Sauchiehall Street, directly opposite Charing Cross. But of life in lodgings, more anon.

There were two partners in the firm of Kyle, Dennison and Frew: William Dennison and Alexander Frew. The staff consisted of four qualified assistants and seven apprentices; and the book-keeper. The apprentices—particularly the junior ones—were at the call of the partners or of any of the assistants who had outside work to do, such as surveying, or levelling. So, being the junior of all, I spent the early days of my apprenticeship, for the most part, in manipulating the measuring chain, or

the levelling staff. I was not altogether a novice with the chain, as my father had already taught me to measure land. Levelling, however, was something new to me; but I readily picked up the technique.

Surveying was the main work of the firm, and the surveys we made lay in all parts of the city and the surrounding country, reaching out to Loch Long, Loch Goil, and the Western Isles.

Much of this work was done for the Clyde Trustees, a body charged with the maintenance and development of the navigation of the Clyde, and of its docks and harbours. On one occasion a whole summer was spent making a survey and taking soundings of the river from the Broomielaw Bridge as far as Dumbarton. So I came to know Glasgow well, and every dock and shipbuilding-yard on the Clyde.

During the first half of my apprenticeship, Glasgow was flourishing, and there was plenty of work for all of us in the office. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, however, came like a bolt from the blue and completely changed the situation. The liability of the shareholders was unlimited; and as calls on them were made by the liquidator, many, even although they might own but a few shares, were completely ruined; for, as long as they had any means at all, they had to pay until the creditors' claims were satisfied.

The directors of the bank were tried in court and found guilty of neglect of duty, and were sentenced to a term in the penitentiary.

The law relating to the liability of bank shareholders was afterwards amended so as to limit their liability. But the damage had been done, and business became stagnant, and remained so for a considerable time. Under such conditions I found it very depressing to have to go to the office and put in my time there, with little or no work to do. So I asked to be allowed—and was given permission—to attend a class at the University for an

hour in the mornings. I had already been attending—and still continued to attend—evening classes in Mechanics and Chemistry at the Mechanics Institute. These classes were conducted by competent instructors, and were considered to be quite on a par with classes at the University. But I wanted to have some experience of University life; and to hear Sir William Thomson—who afterwards became Lord Kelvin—lecture on Natural Philosophy. So it was to his class that I went.

There were some 200 students in that class, and Sir William had their names all on separate slips of paper which he kept in a wide-mouthed jar on his lecture table.

Before commencing a lecture, he would put his hand in the jar, pull out a slip, call out the name on it, and question the student on the previous lecture. Whatever the answer, he would make some notation on the slip and preserve it for record. Two, or perhaps three students might be thus questioned at each lecture. The uncertainty as to when my turn would come gave me some anxious moments at the beginning of each lecture. But my turn never came at all. Yet I got a certificate to the effect that I had attended that class with *much regularity*, from November, 1879, to May, 1880, and had shown preparation in both *oral* and written examinations. The slip bearing my name must have been still in the jar at the end of the session.

Although the knowledge I gained from these lectures was valuable, the certificate, in itself, was of no importance. The Universities were not then equipped, as they are now, to give a practical course in Engineering. The apprenticeship method of training was considered superior to a University course, by those who employed engineers. So much so, that a student who had taken a University course might also have to serve an apprenticeship before he could secure a lucrative position.

Of my various activities during the time I spent in

Glasgow, I may cite three years' service in the 1st Lanark Rifle Volunteers, a body officially designated as a corps, but habitually spoken of as a regiment. It was composed of two battalions, each made up of several companies. The Government supplied the rifles; but we got no pay. On the contrary, we had to pay dues, and provide our own uniform.

I joined as a private and rose to the rank of lance-corporal. One of the duties imposed on me through holding this high rank, was to collect dues from those in my section.

I thoroughly enjoyed my experiences as a volunteer; the drills in the summer evenings; the field days; and the shooting matches at the rifle ranges on Saturday afternoons.

As my apprenticeship was nearing an end, I was giving serious thought to the question of my future. Finally, I made up my mind to try my fortune in Canada. One of the other apprentices in the office, Tom Mather, who had already finished his apprenticeship, was of the same mind; so we agreed to go together to Canada, and made our preparations accordingly.

As I have mentioned, it was through Uncle Hill that I got my start in my profession. I had kept in close touch with him, spending now and again a quiet, but pleasant evening in his home in Dowanhill—a residential district in Glasgow's West End.

So, as soon as I had decided to go to Canada, I called on him to let him know of my decision. I was pleased to find him entirely favourable; and after talking over the matter for some time, he told me to call again before I left Glasgow; and that in the meantime, he would endeavour to get me letters of introduction from friends of his who had business interests in Canada.

When I did call again he gave me two letters of introduction which were to stand me in good stead, later.

They were to two directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway: Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. Duncan McIntyre.

My social life while living in Glasgow was to some extent just what I chose to make it. I had uncles and aunts, and cousins, within easy reach of Glasgow, with whom I was welcome to spend enjoyable week-ends; at Rothesay, Blairmore, Coatbridge, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh. So, besides having a wide circle of relatives, I had a wide range of places to visit.

I generally spent my holidays—two weeks—at home with my father and my brother, Robert. Occasionally, I might have a week-end with them too; but the distance from Glasgow was too far to conveniently make such short visits.

In the winter, I indulged in skating—if there happened to be any ice to skate on. There were numerous small lochs in the neighbourhood of Glasgow to which the railway companies ran special trains for skaters, whenever the ice was bearing. One of these was Gartcosh Loch near Coatbridge, and it was to it that I most frequently went. I was joined there by my Coatbridge cousins, Turner Wilson and his sisters, Ellen and Janie, who were generally my skating partners on these occasions.

Among events of a social nature, I may mention occasional dinners given by G Company of the 1st Lanark Rifle Volunteers. These were always enjoyable.

There were other functions which contributed to the enjoyment of my social life. The partners of the firm, Mr. Dennison and Mr. Frew (there was no Mr. Kyle) each gave a dinner in their homes, annually, to all the members of the staff. These dinners were generally followed by a dance. So they were looked forward to with much eagerness.

My apprenticeship ended on the 3rd January, 1882. I got an excellent certificate from the firm as to my capabilities; so we parted in perfect harmony, and with the best of good feeling.

Chapter IV

VOYAGE TO CANADA

AFTER finishing my apprenticeship, I spent some three weeks at home, completing my preparations for sailing to Canada. I invited Mather to spend a few days with me so that my father and my brother Robert would know the companion who was going to accompany me to Canada to try his fortune there, too. We secured berths on the Allan Line steamship *Peruvian,* which was due to sail from Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 25th January, 1882.

I had inherited from the estate of my maternal grandmother, who had died some eight years previously, the sum of £80, which my father was holding in trust for me. I had forgotten all about this, and was agreeably surprised when he turned this sum over to me. So that was the capital with which I started on my voyage to Canada.

My friend Hyslop, now living alone in Glasgow, had invited me to a small supper-party which he was giving in his lodgings as a send-off to me, on the evening of the 24th, the evening on which I was to leave Glasgow for Liverpool. So, having said good-bye to my father and Robert, I left that morning for Glasgow and attended the supper-party. Besides Hyslop and myself, there were four of our closest friends. We had a very happy evening from about 7 to 10 o'clock, and when the party broke up, they all accompanied me to St. Enoch station. Mather, with some of his friends, was there when we arrived. So we took our places in our carriage for Liverpool; and, as

the train pulled out of the station our friends bade us farewell and wished us bon voyage.

We arrived in Liverpool at an early hour the next morning, and put up at a hotel—by no means prepossessing—near the docks. Here we had bed and breakfast. Later in the day, we got aboard the *Peruvian*; and she got under way that day—the 25th of January, 1882.

A call was made at Queenstown, where the passengers were allowed a few hours ashore. This was the first time Mather and I had been to Ireland, so we enjoyed the novelty of most of the sights we saw. We had considerable difficulty in escaping from the numerous groups of women and girls who tried to sell us shamrock and other souvenirs. One insisted on pinning a bunch of shamrock on my coat. I protested that I didn't want it, and that she was just wasting it. "Sure, and I'd waste the world for your sake—if I was fond of you," was her enigmatic reply.

After we were well past Queenstown, we were met by a strong head wind; and the *Peruvian* responded by giving a demonstration of the cork-screw motion, as she pitched and rolled her way in the teeth of the gale. This form of motion was all very interesting to watch; but very upsetting; so much so that Mather and I beat a retreat below to our cabin.

I need not dwell on the state of mind in which we lay there bemoaning our fate. It has often been described—with variations more or less fantastic—by others who have had a like experience. A short time after our retirement to the lower regions, we were brought to our senses by our bedroom-steward, a little curly-haired fellow with twinkling eyes. He looked in on us in our cabin, and seeing us both in bed, exclaimed—with feigned astonishment: "Hello! gone to bed already?" We moaned something incoherent. "You'll never get well lying there; get up on deck and get the fresh air," he insisted. He spoke as one who knew what he was talking about; so, we obedi-

ently complied, and with his help struggled on deck, and fought it out there; with good results.

A day or two later we got our sea-legs, and were able to tramp the deck in spite of the rolling; and to mix with, and get to know our fellow-passengers. There were not many—about twenty-five or thirty—and of these there were a few whom we never met, or even saw, for they kept to their cabins all the way.

The *Peruvian* had nothing of the luxury of the modern Atlantic liner; it depended on oil-lamps for light and on open port-holes for ventilation. Our cabin was under the dining-room, below the water-line, and so had no port-hole to open. It was haunted by an aura emanating from a blending of the smells of bilge-water and the cook's galley. *Stuffy* would be a mild term to use in describing the condition of the air in that cabin. But we didn't mind that a bit; we were young and could stand it.

In the dining-room, one long table had seating capacity for us all. This table ran lengthwise of the ship. The captain's seat was at one end, and he—Captain Ritchie—entertained us at meals with his rich fund of stories. I can see him yet, seated there, swaying to keep his balance with the rolling of the ship, and laughing heartily. It seemed that the more the ship rolled, the heartier his laughter.

But it was in the smoking-room that we got to know each other best. We played cards there—generally *vingt-et-un*, and Nap—and exchanged yarns. The ship's doctor joined us frequently; he was a good story-teller, and was the life of our gatherings. Of the names of the passengers whom I got to know best, I particularly remember Gibson, who was in business in Montreal, and was returning from a visit to his native land, Scotland; and Beeston, an employee in London of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had been transferred to the company's store in Winnipeg, and was on his way there to take up his new position in the accountancy department.

The meeting of a ship at sea is always an event of interest, and we had the good fortune one evening to meet and exchange greetings with the *Parisian*. She was the newest ship of the Allan Line, and—according to standards of comfort in those days—was considered most luxurious. She was on her way to Liverpool, and had as passengers the Marquis of Lorne, who was then Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess Louise. The lights on the *Parisian* made a pretty picture. We watched her as she passed and kept watching her until she was lost to sight in the distance.

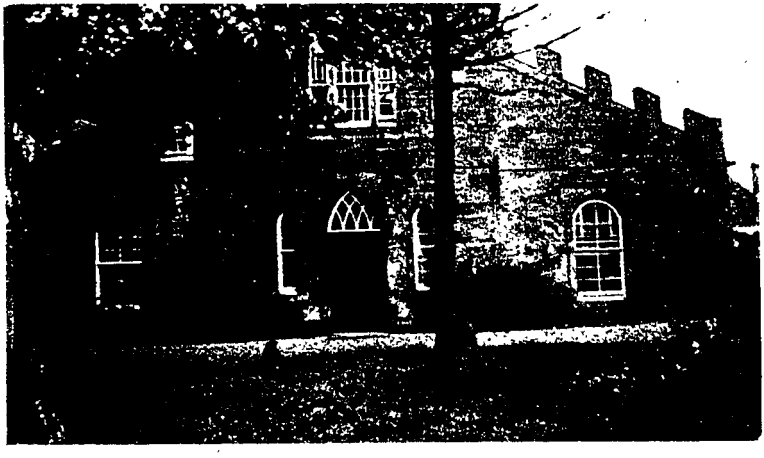
The day before we reached Halifax—Saturday, 4th February—the storm which had accompanied us all the way from Queenstown had abated, and we were all much relieved at being able to move about freely on the ship and to have our meals in comfort. But not so, apparently, the captain. He seemed to have lost all his *bonhomie*, and sat at table in solemn silence, apparently brooding over some pending trouble. And there had been trouble brewing, as we learned at breakfast on Sunday morning. The *Peruvian*, we were told, had reached Halifax during the night. She had reported that there was a case of small-pox on board, and had consequently been ordered away from the dock, so was now lying at anchor in quarantine.

We lay there all Sunday in a blinding snow-storm; we could see nothing of the land, nor of anything to indicate where we were. But dreary as this situation seemed, we managed to pass the time quite pleasantly. The small-pox patient was removed from the ship that afternoon, and the ship was thoroughly disinfected. But this did not relieve us from quarantine. The captain, however, took the responsibility of running the ship alongside the dock at an early hour on Monday morning, and landing the passengers. For thus breaking the quarantine, he was said to have been fined $400.

The Halifax authorities were naturally not too well pleased at this action of Captain Ritchie, and were in no



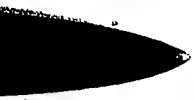
GREENAN CASTLE; MOUTH OF THE RIVER DOON IN BACKGROUND



TURNBERRY LODGE

mood to welcome us. Nor were the hotels at all keen to take us in. We could, however, use the waiting-room at the station as a resting-place. But this room, with a red-hot stove in full blast, was too suffocating. So Mather and I wandered about the city in search of some quiet place where we could get something to eat. We eventually found a small grocery store out in the suburbs where we were able to buy some crackers and cheese, which served as our lunch. The woman who served us said that she was not at all afraid of smallpox; so we spent some time talking with her while we ate our crackers and cheese.

By the time we had finished our lunch, it was near train time, so we wended our way to the station, and got on board the train for Montreal. Just how long the journey took, I can't remember; but it was the longest railway journey either of us had ever taken. Beeston and Gibson, our fellow-passengers on the *Peruvian*, journeyed with us to Montreal, too. Beeston put up at the Windsor Hotel, which, with the position he had, he could well afford to do. But Mather and I, having as yet no position, looked for less expensive quarters. In this we were aided by Gibson, who knew Montreal well. He directed us to the Albion Hotel, near the docks. So it was in that hotel that we spent our first night in Montreal.



CHAPTER V

MONTREAL

ON THE steamer coming to Canada, in my conversations with Gibson about the Canadian Pacific Railway, he usually spoke of the company as the Syndicate. I learned from him too, in these talks, that Mr. Angus and Mr. McIntyre, directors of the company—to whom I had letters of introduction—were members of the Syndicate. So I was quite prepared to find, on my arrival in Montreal, that the Syndicate was the designation most frequently applied to the company. The name, Canadian Pacific Railway, evidently had not at that time become deeply impressed on the minds of the public; much less the initials C.P.R., now known the world over.

I knew nothing about the Syndicate then, but I had not been long in Canada before I learned sufficient to enable me to give a brief outline of events leading up to its formation, and to its incorporation later, as the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The uniting by rail of all the provinces of Canada, was a natural sequence to Confederation. Quebec had already been linked with Ontario by the Grand Trunk Railway. Then the Maritime Provinces became linked with Quebec, through the construction of the government-owned Intercolonial Railway. But opinion was much divided as to how Manitoba, the North West Territories, and British Columbia should be linked with the Eastern Provinces, to complete the chain; whether by a railway built and operated by the government, or by one built and

operated by private interests; so the question became tied up with politics.

In the early 70's Sir John A. Macdonald, when Prime Minister, had tried to get Sir Hugh Allan, of the Allan Steamship Company, to form and finance a company which would undertake to build and operate the railway needed to serve the Western Provinces. But there were certain charges made against him in connection with this attempt which caused Sir John to resign. These charges, however, long known as the Pacific Scandal, could not be downed; even by the time I arrived in Canada, some ten years later, the Pacific Scandal would still crop up in political discussions; and the expression was familiar to me for quite a time before I really knew to what it referred.

On Sir John's resigning, Alexander Mackenzie became Prime Minister. He favoured a government-owned railway; and also the utilization of the Great Lakes for water transport, instead of building a costly railway through the rocky country along the North Shore. Under his government extensive surveys were made of the route chosen across the prairies to the Yellowhead Pass; and from there to the coast. But the only construction work completed was the building of the Emerson branch from the international boundary to Winnipeg, and thence to Selkirk. Some grading too, had been commenced between Selkirk and Port Arthur, when the government was defeated in the election of 1878, and Sir John Macdonald again became Prime Minister.

By this time the people of British Columbia were in serious doubts as to whether the Dominion Government had any intention of carrying out the pledge given them when they entered Confederation, namely, to connect that province by rail with the other provinces, and to commence work within a specified time. This specified time was nearing its close; and threats of withdrawal from Confederation were openly made.

To allay this agitation, the Macdonald government promptly entered into a contract with an American railway contractor named Onderdonk, under which he undertook to build several hundred miles of railway in the mountains, from Port Moody eastward up the Fraser River.

The Onderdonk contract was, however, purely an emergency measure, and in no way changed the policy of the government to get a railway constructed and operated by a private company. So, with this end in view, Sir John kept negotiating with a group of prominent Canadian financiers, later known as the Syndicate, the outstanding members of which were: George Stephen, Donald A. Smith, R. B. Angus, and Duncan McIntyre. By 1880, he had come to an agreement with this Syndicate, which had been incorporated by that time as the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The agreement was to the effect that the company would take over those portions of the railway which had been completed by the government, or were under construction; and complete and operate the whole railway for a cash grant and a land grant, each well up in the millions. This agreement was ratified by parliament early in 1881; and the company was thus committed to the great task of building a transcontinental railway.

The first important decision the directors of the company had to make was in the choice of a General Manager. For this office they engaged the services of Mr. W. C. Van Horne, an American with much experience in building and operating railways in the States.

He foresaw strong competition by the American railways for the traffic in the west, which he was confident would follow the construction of the C.P.R.; and in order to forestall such competition, he advocated building the line much nearer to the international boundary, than the one projected by way of the Yellowhead Pass. In this the directors were in accord. So they abandoned the idea

of building the railway through the Yellowhead Pass, and decided to push ahead with the work on the prairies from Winnipeg west toward the Kicking Horse.

Van Horne arrived in Winnipeg early in 1882 and made all arrangements for an early start on this work in the spring.

So that was the position of the company—but altogether unknown to me—when I called on Mr. Angus and on Mr. McIntyre at the offices of the directors, with my letters of introduction.

It is still a pleasure to recall the kindly way in which I was received by these gentlemen. I met them both together in Mr. McIntyre's office, and they talked with me and questioned me about my experiences, with an evident desire to help me to get a start. Finally, Mr. Angus left the matter to Mr. McIntyre, and he dictated a letter to General Manager Van Horne in Winnipeg, requesting him to give me a trial. But before this letter was written, he said that, on reconsidering the matter, it might be some time before work started in Winnipeg, and as I might have a tiresome wait there with nothing to do, he would also give me a letter to Mr. James Ross in Toronto, General Manager of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, a new subsidiary company in which he was interested; and survey parties on that railway, he said, were already at work. So when Mr. McIntyre handed me these two letters, it was with a deep feeling of gratitude that I thanked him for the kindness he had shown to me.

This interview took place on the 9th February, 1882, as evidenced by the date of the letter to Mr. Van Horne, which I still have. I did not need to present it—as I will show farther on.

I was now prepared to start for Toronto immediately, but I did not care to go without Mather; he had yet a visit of a social nature to pay, and wanted me to accompany him.

This visit was to a Mr. Drummond, a farmer at Petite

Cote, on the outskirts of Montreal, to whom Mather had a letter of introduction.

Therefore, one afternoon, we hired a sleigh and drove out to the farm. Our route was by a road which I would say is now Guy Street. The farm lay on the slope of the Mountain, for I remember looking down from it on the St. Lawrence River. We were most cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond. I can't say how many of a family there were, but there was a grown-up son and also an attractive daughter; and a girl cousin, attractive too, who was staying with them on a visit.

In talking with this cousin (sorry, but I don't remember her name) I gathered that she did not belong to Montreal; so I asked her where she came from. "Toronto," she said, and then added the qualification, "the Queen City of the West"—a qualification of Toronto current at the time. Queen City of the West is a fine poetical expression, but applied to Toronto it shows the very restricted conception of Canada then held. Who would now think of Toronto as being in the West? We spent the afternoon and evening at the farm, and needless to say, we had a very happy time.

Drummond junior took us home in the farm bob-sleigh—if one can call the Albion Hotel home. It was a crisp moonlight night, and the pleasure of the drive was enhanced by the girls accompanying us, laughing and singing on the way. It was the first time I had heard "Jingle Bells" sung, and I was charmed with it; but whether with the song itself, or by the sweet voices that sang it, may be left to the imagination. Our driver evidently had in mind to give us a new experience for he ran the sleigh into a ditch and tipped us all out into a big snow drift. But he finally landed us at the Albion, greatly delighted with the rare good time we had had.

We saw many novel and interesting sights in Montreal; tobogganing on the Mountain; a parade of the members

of the Snowshoe Club, in their gay blanket coats—but we had no time to linger and watch such sights, however interesting; we wanted to get to work. So after having said good-bye to Gibson, who had been a real help to us in many ways, Mather and I packed up and left one evening on the night train for Toronto.

Chapter VI

TORONTO

ON OUR ARRIVAL at Toronto, Mather went to see a cousin of his, Mrs. Erskine, whom he had not met before. As a result of that visit, I was kindly invited along with him to stay with her until we got a position. The Erskine household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine and a small son six or seven years old. Mr. Erskine was accountant in the office of a mortgage-and-land company, the name of which I don't remember.

Having thus so unexpectedly and so fortunately been given a home in which to stay until we got work, I lost no time in calling on Mr. Ross with my letter of introduction from Mr. McIntyre; and I took Mather with me. Mr. Ross received us pleasantly, and talked with us about the work we had done in Scotland. He himself was an engineer, and had served his apprenticeship in Scotland, too. So he knew fully what we should be capable of doing; and he encouraged us by saying that he hoped to have a position for us before long. He took our address, and we left well satisfied with our prospects.

Some few days later we had a letter from him—there was no telephone then—saying that he had given Mr. Brown, a land surveyor in Toronto, some work that he wanted done at once, and had asked him to employ us both on it. We therefore made haste and called on Mr. Brown. He told us the work was not very intricate, just some measuring with a tape at the railway station. He put on his coat and hat and went off with us to the job.

The work was simply the locating of the position of a

number of existing railway tracks, with a view to making a plan of the station. Measuring with a tape may seem very elemental; but it has its special technique. Mather and I had been trained in that technique, and to work together speedily on just such work. So we were in our element, and Mr. Brown had all he could do to keep up with us as he recorded in his field book the measurements we called out to him. We put in the whole afternoon at this work; and I feel free to say that we showed Mr. Brown a perfect example of team work. When we had finished, he said that that would be all, and that if we came to his office in the morning he would settle with us. We were somewhat taken aback at this, as we had hoped he might have work for us for a few days, at least. But we rose to the occasion, and magnanimously declined to take any pay, on the understanding that he told Mr. Ross that we knew our work, and could do it. And that was the end of our dealings with Mr. Brown.

While awaiting further developments, I thought this would be a good opportunity to visit my Uncle Peter Turner who had come to Canada the previous year and settled on a farm near Hornby, a flag station on the Credit Valley Railway, about 30 miles west of Toronto. He had a large family, seven sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Peter, was at work in Chatham, New Brunswick; and the second and third sons, Robert and Willie, were the only two who were old enough to assist him on the farm; and even at that, they were still but boys in their teens. So he was having quite a struggle to get along.

I set out on my visit on the understanding with Mather that he would send me word immediately, if anything turned up in the way of work. I had a very pleasant visit, and was glad to find my uncle and aunt, and a large group of cousins looking so well and happy. I got a real warm welcome, and an invitation to stay with them as long as I could. My visit here, however, was abruptly ended on receipt of a letter from Mather, saying that I

must return at once, as he had heard from Mr. Ross that we were to go to Peterborough and start work on a survey party there.

When I returned to Toronto, I found that Mather had gone on the survey party. I felt rather depressed at this, as it seemed that I had been left. But on calling on Mr. Ross to explain why I had been unable to go with Mather, he just smiled and said that he could make use of me in the draughting office.

So he gave me a note to H. S. Holt, the engineer in charge of that office on the floor above. Holt was not at all communicative when I presented this note. He simply read it and said he would start me to work the next morning.

Having now got a position, I felt I could no longer stay with the Erskines as a guest; but I made bold to ask Mrs. Erskine if she would let me stay as a boarder. And she did. So the Erskine's home became my home too: for I was treated as one of the family, and was frequently taken with them on visits to their friends; and I went to church with them on Sundays. Their house was on St. Vincent Street, then well out in the suburbs.

I well remember the great satisfaction it gave me, in writing to my father, to tell him of my good fortune in having got a position which would enable me to keep myself; and also, in having found such a good home to live in.

The Ontario and Quebec Railway—on the engineering staff of which I was now placed—was projected to run from Toronto to Smith's Falls. It was generally understood to be a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was virtually an extension eastward of the Credit Valley Railway—a railway which had been built some years before. (Both of these railways, it may here be noted, were eventually taken over by the C.P.R., and now form part of the lines between Montreal and Windsor, via Peterborough and Toronto.)

The Credit Valley Railway had been built under the direction and management of James Ross. Holt too had played a part as an engineer on the construction of that railway; and continued with it, as its operating engineer, as well as being engineer in charge of the draughting office of the O. and Q.

For quite a time there were only the two of us, Holt and myself, in that office. Then Crossley, an architect, was given a position; and some time later, another draughtsman, Graham, was added to the office staff. The Chief Engineer was Hugh D. Lumsden, but it was only occasionally that he made his appearance in the office, as he spent most of his time with the survey parties in the field.

As these parties got finished with their surveys, they came in from the field—one after the other—to finish their plans in the office; and get ready for construction work. Mather came with one party, and needless to say, I was delighted to see him. He, of course, stayed with the Erskines, so we had a few happy evenings together, telling of our experiences, until he had to leave again to take up a position as assistant engineer on construction of a section of the railway at Norwood.

The arrival of these parties was, however, rather upsetting to the regular work of the office. Some among them were quite indifferent about the state in which they left their tables, on quitting work for the day; and would leave them littered with plans and drawing instruments, in a very untidy condition. This, naturally, annoyed Holt; and in order to put a stop to such practices, he drew up and signed a notice which he pinned on the wall. I don't remember the exact wording of this notice —except the last part which I quote—but it was to the effect that all plans and profiles, and drawing instruments, were to be put away in drawers before leaving for the

day . . . . . "so that the tables may be cleaned by the caretaker.

"H. S. Holt,
"Engineer in Charge."

The morning on which this notice appeared, it was read without comment; but the next morning it caused some amusement; for it was found that the words "the caretaker" had been erased by someone and now read:— . . . "so that the tables may be cleaned by

"H. S. Holt,
"Engineer in Charge."

Holt removed the notice without saying anything about it at the time. But it had evidently touched him; for, after all the members of the party had gone, he remarked to me that he was glad to see the last of that gang.

Among the prominent engineers of the day, whom I met at that time, was George Middleton. He was then revising the location of the O. and Q. on some of the heavier parts of the work. He was a frequent visitor at the office, and I had many interesting talks with him. He was a capable explorer, and it was said of him that the only baggage he took with him on his explorations was a brush and comb, and a pair of extra socks, in his pocket.

When he finished his work on the O. and Q., he was employed by the C.P.R. to make an exploratory survey of the route along the North Shore of Lake Superior.

He had no use for elaborate reports; and many years later, when talking with me on the subject of reports, he told me that he had made no written report on that survey, but had just gone to Van Horne and told him all about it; and on this, Van Horne went ahead.

Alexander Middleton, George's younger brother—whom I had not yet met, but was to meet and be intimately associated with, a few years later—was then division engineer on the O. and Q. at Sharbot Lake.

In the spring and early summer of that year, Winnipeg and the North West were the absorbing subjects of

conversation. The boom was on; and trains leaving for Winnipeg were crowded with people hoping to get there in time to get in on the ground floor. The route to Winnipeg was a round-about one, by way of Chicago to St. Paul and thence by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Rly. to Emerson, and from there by the Emerson Branch of the C.P.R. to Winnipeg.

The news columns of the papers were made up, in great part, of the names of prominent citizens who had gone, or were about to leave. Gus Nanton—a young man in the brokerage office of Pellat and Osler—whom I had met, was one of these. In Winnipeg he became a partner in the firm of Osler, Hammond and Nanton; and years later was well known as Sir Augustus Nanton. W. B. Scarth—whom I had also met—was another. He was manager of the Canada North West Land Company, a subsidiary of the C.P.R. to handle its town-sites. So he too played his part in the development of the West. In after years I renewed acquaintance with him in Ottawa, where he had settled down as Deputy Minister of the Interior.

With the coming of summer, the Island, with the good bathing facilities it had on the side beyond the Bay, became the great attraction; and on Saturday afternoons I generally joined the glad throng of bathers there. The beach was sandy, and the water was pleasantly warm, so the bathing was most enjoyable.

Occasionally, I would vary these Saturday visits to the Island, by spending a week-end with my uncle at Hornby. There was a creek near the farm with quite a large and deep pond in which he, and the boys and I, had a merry time with swimming and diving competitions.

Hanlan, champion oarsman, was then much in the limelight. He had a hotel on the Island; and in recognition of the many congratulations he had been receiving on his successes, he from time to time would entertain groups of his friends at his hotel. I happened to be in

one of these parties, through Erskine, who had received an invitation for himself and friend; and he took me along. Accompanied by Hanlan himself, we were taken to the Island in a steamer chartered for the occasion. He had the boat first circle the Island several times before landing us; and by that time he had got so twisted around that he didn't know where he was, nor did he recognize his own hotel when the boat drew up alongside the pier. It was a great night.

One Saturday afternoon, I took an excursion on the S. S. *Chicora* to St. Catherines and back. The trip going was pleasant; but on the return trip a strong head wind was blowing, and I had the unpleasant experience of being on Lake Ontario in a rough and choppy sea. I escaped being seasick by a narrow shave; and I was one of the few who did escape. The great majority lay strewn all over the deck in a state of utter collapse.

For facility in construction, the O. and Q. was divided into four divisions; and these were each further divided into three or four sections. Each division was in charge of a division engineer, with assistant engineers under him, each in charge of a section.

The names of the division engineers—beginning with the division starting from Toronto—were McKee, Bray, Perry, and Middleton. I can only recall, however, the names of four of the assistant engineers, namely, Noble, Mather, Dodwell, and Hazelwood, each in a different division. Of Mather no special mention is here needed, but the others I met at one time or another in the course of construction.

By fall, construction was well under way, and Lumsden was more frequently seen at the office. From time to time he would take me out with him to make some surveys he wanted, with a view to revising the location of the high bridge to be built across the Don. On one of these occasions, I had my first experience with snow-shoes. Lumsden showed me how to put them on, and then

started me on a trial tramp. The lesson was not hard to learn, and I soon was tramping beside him with perfect ease.

I had not been long in Toronto before it became perfectly clear to me that politics were taken there just as seriously as they were in the Old Country. The issues, however, were very different.

There were two daily newspapers, *The Globe,* and *The Mail.* These were the oracles that, from two opposite points of view, claimed to voice public opinion; and in doing so, they expressed their own opinion, the one of the other, in language that by no stretch of the imagination could be called courteous.

Erskine was a subscriber to *The Globe,* and a copy was delivered at the house each morning. So it was from *The Globe* that I got my introduction to the political questions of the hour. It was some time before I read, or even saw *The Mail,* but, if I was to believe *The Globe,* I hadn't missed much.

Toward the end of the year there was a provincial election looming up, on the question of Provincial Rights, and *The Globe* kept before its readers the great wrong it claimed had been done to the province of Ontario, in establishing the boundary between it and Manitoba. It maintained that the latter had, by this boundary award, been given land which rightly belonged to Ontario.

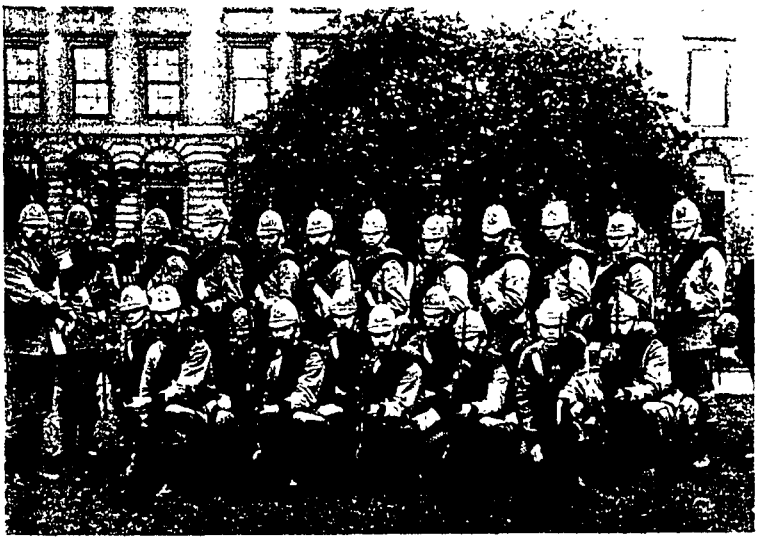
There were many campaign meetings of the advocates of Provincial Rights, prior to the election. I attended one of these held in the open on a vacant lot down town. As an encouragement to the faithful, a man on the platform sang a supposedly appropriate song, the only words of which, that I now remember, were:

"A traitor is at thy throat
Ontario; Ontario."

The words "Ontario, Ontario" were so monotonously repeated in each verse, with the final sound of *oh* long



1st Lanark Rifles, Camp at Blairmore



1st Lanark Rifles, G. Company



drawn out, that the song sounded to me more like a wail, than an urge to victory. However, when the election took place on 27th February, 1883, the Mowat government—the champion of Provincial Rights—was returned to power.

In the spring of 1883 I was put in charge, under Noble, of part of his section, as he had so much to do in connection with the building of the bridge over the Don, that he could not well look after the whole section alone. The part that I had charge of was the west part, from its junction with the Credit Valley Rly., eastward through north Toronto to near the Don. A house that stood on land which had been acquired for right of way was our field office. It was very near the site on which North Toronto Station was later built.

By the end of spring, Mr. Ross was appointed Superintendent of construction of the C.P.R. west of Winnipeg, and left Toronto about that time. Some few weeks later Holt, too, left to fill the position of Assistant Superintendent. Before he left, however, he told me he would try to find a place for me in the West also, one better than the one I then had. So, early in June I received a wire from him from the End of Track, somewhere on the prairies, saying, in effect: "Come here at once".

Naturally I was highly pleased, but I was duty bound to give Lumsden a month's notice. However, when I asked him when I could leave, he said he would not stand in the way of my promotion; and he kindly waived notice. Moreover, he wrote me a very nice letter of congratulation, in which he expressed his regret at my leaving, and certified as to the work I had done, and to my capabilities. So that is how my work in Toronto came to an end.



Chapter VII

WINNIPEG AND MEDICINE HAT

HAVING now severed my connection with the O. and Q., I made preparations to leave Toronto as soon as possible, to take up my new position on the C.P.R. I felt, however, that I could not very well leave without saying good-bye to my uncle, aunt, and cousins, at Hornby. So I went there and paid them a farewell week-end visit.

I had planned to return on Monday by the morning train, and was at the station in good time. There was another passenger waiting for the train there too, and we naturally got into conversation. I did not at first know who he was, but later developments made it evident that he held some position on the railway—roadmaster, most likely.

Hornby, as I have already stated, was a flag station. But on this occasion the flag system failed to work; for although we had flagged the train in the usual way, it roared past the station without stopping. I was flabbergasted.

However, my fellow-traveller was fully awake and knew what to do. He told me to wait where I was while he hunted up a hand-car, and set off at once to a gang of section-men who were at work close by. A short time after, he returned on a hand-car with some of the section-men, and invited me to get on board with him, for a hand-car ride to Toronto. I was only too glad at this opportunity of getting there without more delay, so I accepted his invitation with pleasure.

Although there were plenty of hands for pumping the hand-car, I took my turn on the job. It was my first experience in this class of work; but I didn't find it too hard.

We made the journey to Toronto in good time, and I was able to get ready to leave for the West that same day, by the night train. I packed my trunk with such things as I didn't want to take with me, and arranged with the Erskines to keep it for me, until I should return. I took with me just my field and drawing instruments, and a dunnage-bag well stuffed with a miscellaneous collection consisting for the most part of old clothes, engineering textbooks, and a rifle.

On the journey to Winnipeg there was much of interest to be seen on the way: the ferrying of the train across the Detroit River—between Windsor and Detroit; the stern-wheel steamers on the Mississippi; and the seemingly endless expanse of plain between Minneapolis and the boundary.

I got to Chicago late in the evening, and was immediately transferred by bus (horse-drawn, of course; no motor vehicles in those days) to a station in the other end of the city; and there I got on the night train for St. Paul. So I saw little of Chicago; all I can say about it is that I was driven through it in the night.

I spent a night in St. Paul and left the following morning on the last lap of my journey, and arrived in Winnipeg early in the evening.

At this point I am faced with what would appear to be an anomalous freak of memory. For I have no recollection of the name of the hotel I went to; where it was situated; nor whether I walked to it, or was driven to it from the station. And yet, I distinctly remember my registering at a hotel. My memory of this may be due to the fact that just as I was registering, a man came in

and handed to the clerk at the desk a sheet of paper—which evidently was an open telegram—and said, in quite a joyous tone: "The track has crossed the Saskatchewan!" That information was naturally of great interest to me; and hearing it just as I was registering has left this dual event, the crossing of the Saskatchewan by the C.P.R. track, and my arrival in Winnipeg on the same day, firmly imprinted on my memory.

The next morning—as instructed by Holt—I called at the engineers' office for a pass to the End of Track. W. D. Barclay was the engineer in charge, and it was there that I met him for the first time.

Having got my pass I took a walk around to look at the town. The boom had by that time burst, and the outlook was, to say the least, depressing. Moreover, recent rains had made the streets almost impassable. Wagons and other vehicles slowly made their way through mud, almost up to their axles. Mud seemed to be everywhere; it was even on the board sidewalks; a sticky greasy mud which made walking anything but a pleasure. So it is by no means an inviting picture that I retain in my mind, of Winnipeg as it was, when I first saw it.

Early next morning I left for the End of Track. There was a sleeping-car with the train as far as Moose Jaw, which I reached the following morning. So the journey up to that point, although slow in comparison with present-day speeds, was pleasant. But from Moose Jaw, west, only freight trains ran. So from there I continued my way perched on the top of a car-load of telegraph poles. I quite enjoyed the novelty of this ride for a time; but it was an all-day journey, and I arrived at Medicine Hat in the small hours of the morning, feeling pretty stiff.

As I got off the train in the dark, I was in somewhat of a quandary as to where I was going to put up for the rest of the night. But a man with a lantern

approached, and in response to my inquiry, kindly piloted me to a large marquee tent which bore the pretentious name ROYAL HOTEL. Here I was given a cot. I had a real good sleep, and got up for breakfast quite refreshed.

The man with the lantern, who thus befriended me, was the night watchman for the C.P.R. His name was Thomas Burns, afterwards well known in Calgary for many years, as Assessor and City Treasurer.

I had now to give some thought to the problem of getting to the End of Track, which by that time was some twelve miles past Medicine Hat. There was no scheduled time for trains leaving for there, so I had to hang around the station for a while, keeping an eye on a train that was being made up of flat-cars loaded with ties and rails and other track material. When this train was finally made up, I got on board one of the cars; and in due time reached the End of Track, and reported to Holt in his private car.

He gave me a cordial welcome, and after a short conversation of a general nature, he outlined the work I was to do. I was to form one of a staff of three in an engineers' office which he was establishing at Medicine Hat. W. A. Doane, who had been assistant engineer on the O. and Q. at Peterborough, was expected to arrive shortly, and would be in charge of that office. In order of precedence, I would come next; and T. K. Thomson, a student at Toronto School of Applied Science, then spending his summer vacation as a draughtsman on a car at the End of Track, would be the junior.

During this interview with Holt, I happened to notice on a table close to where I was sitting, some sheets of paper which had for letter-head, "North American Construction Company".

My curiosity led me to ask him what company that was. He seemed rather amused as he replied: "That is the company you are working for." That was surprising

news to me, for I had been under the belief that I would be working for the C.P.R. But he further informed me that the North American Construction Company was a subsidiary of the C.P.R., organized to take charge of the location and construction of the Western section of the Railway.

In the public mind, however, that company and the C.P.R. were just one and the same thing. One rarely ever heard it mentioned; nearly everyone spoke of it as the C.P.R.

When I had finished my talk with Holt, he asked me to stay the night with him. So I was free for the afternoon to stroll about and watch the track-layers at work. This was the first time I had seen track-laying, and I was much interested in the various operations.

Some writers, when referring to the construction of the C.P.R., have stated that a track-laying machine was used. But not in my experience. The track was laid entirely by manual labour. I can still picture the busy scene, and can hear the clang of the rails as they were dropped on the ties.

End of Track was something more than just the point to which track had been laid. It was a real live community, a hive of industry, in which teamsters, track-layers, blacksmiths, carpenters, executive officers, and other trades and professions all had a part. They had their quarters on a train composed of cars loaded with rails and other track material, followed by large boarding-cars for the workmen, and by sundry smaller cars for the executives. This train was pushed ahead as track-laying proceeded; and at the end of a day's work, it might be three or four miles from where it was on the morning.

I returned to Medicine Hat, along with Thomson, the following morning; and a day or two later, Doane arrived. Of what Thomson and I did in the interim, I have no distinct recollection; but on Doane's arrival we had a tent set up for an office, and soon got started to work.

Medicine Hat, at that time simply a canvas town, was being established as a divisional point, and our work consisted, in part, in laying out, and looking after the grading of sidings for yard tracks; and the building of a round-house.

Of the people I first came to know, I may mention Neil Curran, the chief accountant, and his staff. There was a small office boy on the staff, about twelve or fourteen years of age, who answered to the name of George. He was messenger and general chore boy. What his surname was I didn't know till long afterwards. He was just *George*. He didn't need a surname, for everyone round about knew who George was. But many years later he was more widely known as George Webster, Mayor of Calgary.

We bunked in a car-shaped building and had our meals in a similar one with Curran and his staff. Besides the staff, there was a former member of it who made one of our party too. He had been in charge of supplies for engineers' camps, but had given up that position, and having studied law, had opened an office in Medicine Hat. But force of habit, or maybe some other reason, made him still patronize the company's boarding-house. His name was James Lougheed, for a long time afterwards a prominent lawyer in Calgary, and a Senator; and later known as Sir James Lougheed.

About a week after my arrival in Medicine Hat, we had a spell of extremely hot weather. I evidently considered this so unusual that I made a note of the temperatures on the fly-leaf of an engineer's pocket-book which I still possess. From 26th June to 2nd July, the temperatures as there recorded were 96°, 99°, 100°, 107°, 96°, 76°, 58°. As these temperatures were taken with an ordinary thermometer which may not have been exactly in the shade, I cannot guarantee their absolute correctness. But they serve to give a fair comparison between the daily temperatures during that period. The drop

from the high temperature of 107° to the low of 58° on the 2nd of July resulted in a storm which struck like a flash, and blew down almost every tent in town. And it was a *blinding* storm, for the air was thick with the dry sandy material with which the yard sidings were being graded. There was little left of these, and the work had to be done all over again. Our office tent shared the same fate as the rest; tracings of plans on which we were working were ripped from the table to which they were pinned, and nothing was afterwards seen of them.

When the storm had blown itself out, tents were again set up and business resumed its former activities. We, however, were spared setting up our draughting tent; it was so badly wrecked that we were given a box-car for an office instead.

Among the various points of interest around the Hat —as the town was beginning to be called, for short— the Saskatchewan held quite an attraction for me. The very name had a smack of romance, reminiscent of tales of Indians in the Far West, which, in my schooldays, had stirred in me a spirit of adventure. But it didn't appeal in this way to everyone. I have been told of a more prosaic individual who held that the name sounded like a *sneeze*; and that the only way in which it could be pronounced was to substitute a sneeze for the two middle syllables. He no doubt considered himself quite a joker.

Be that as it may, I ventured a swim in it—down stream, for the current was too strong to swim up stream. This swim was, in itself, quite enjoyable. But I paid full toll for it in blood, to the swarms of mosquitoes through which I had to pass on shore, as, bare-footed, I gingerly picked my steps on the rough shingle, on my way back to the spot where I had left my clothes. There was not much romance in that adventure; and one was quite enough for me.

Shortly before I left Medicine Hat, W. B. Scarth, Manager of the Canada North West Land Company arrived from Winnipeg to put the lots of the town-site on the market. The town-site had been laid out some time before, and many of the lots had already been selected by prospective purchasers who were occupying them as their business premises. There seemed to have been a sort of gentlemen's agreement among the businessmen, to regard such occupation as a pre-emptive claim which they would respect when the lots came to be sold.

When Scarth announced the prices of the lots there was an indignant protest from the prospective purchasers; for these prices were much higher than anyone ever thought they would be. So, following the custom of the day, an "indignation meeting" was called to air their grievance. "Indignation meeting," I may here say, was the name then used—and for a long time afterwards—for any meeting called to protest against an action done, or proposed to be done, of which the protesters disapproved. I have attended a number of "indignation meetings"; the name was the drawing card; it clearly spelled fireworks.

At this "indignation meeting", Lougheed took a prominent part. He was one of the prospective purchasers, and by way of registering his claim to a lot, had placed some building material on it. I attended the meeting—held in the open air—and I can still hear him declaiming against the iniquity of the Canada North West Land Company in exacting such extortionate prices. What these prices were, I don't remember; but as a result of this meeting, the sale of lots was postponed indefinitely.

A few days later, the whole staff in both the accounting and engineering departments, got orders from Holt to move to the End of Track which by that time was nearing Calgary.

But this move did not entail any packing up. For the living- and office-quarters, the dining-room and kitchen—

with all they contained—were simply loaded on flat-cars; and we thus made the trek undisturbed.

We had planned to do some office work on the way, but—as the track had not as yet been ballasted—the train rolled and pitched like a ship in a choppy sea, so that it was impossible to do any draughting; and we had just to pass the time as best we could. At times, following a clatter which sounded like broken dishes, as the car gave an extra roll, we could hear a burst of strong language coming from the cook. Thus we were not without entertainment on the way.

We reached the End of Track in the evening, and there we settled down for a time. But after I had been there a day—or perhaps two—Holt sent me to Calgary to help out, temporarily, in the office of Moses Burpee who was Chief Engineer, on construction. The track was then some twenty miles from Calgary, and I was driven there in one of the company's wagons. To get to Calgary, we had to cross the Bow River; and the only means of crossing it was by a ferry run by the North West Mounted Police. The ferryman, when I crossed, was a tall slim, and active young man—Corporal Ralph Bell. He was the first Calgary man I met; and, like myself, was destined to play his part in the development of the West.

The teamster who drove the wagon landed me safely at Burpee's camp. But what I did there must form part of the next chapter, dealing with my work in Calgary.

Chapter VIII

CALGARY

CALGARY, at the time of my arrival, was in much the same stage of development as Medicine Hat; a town in the making, consisting almost entirely of tents. These were all east of the Elbow River—a tributary of the Bow—and close to the C.P.R. road-bed. West of the Elbow, and bordering on it, were the Mounted Police barracks; and the stores of I. G. Baker & Company—a large American trading company. The Hudson's Bay Company had a small post east of the Elbow near its junction with the Bow.

Burpee's camp was located alongside the storehouse then being used for supplies for engineers' camps, in charge of Colvin, a former Mounted Policeman. It was about three-quarters of a mile south of the C.P.R. road-bed, on the route between Calgary and Macleod known as the Macleod trail; and near the present site of the Riverside Iron Works. The office staff consisted of two young Welshmen, one of whom was Jack Griffith. He was Burpee's chief office assistant, and was in charge of the camp. The name of the other was Walters. There was also the cook, and the teamster who looked after Burpee's team.

My work at this camp was, for the most part, helping to prepare the monthly estimates of work done by the contractors. But I was not many days on this job, for Doane and Thompson arrived soon after I did; and another tent was set up in which I resumed my former position with them. We had plans and bills of material

to make for the bridges to be built ahead of the track-laying, and this work took up most of our time.

Close to the camp there resided a homesteader named Carney. I visited him one evening and had an interesting talk with him. His homestead was, in after years, acquired by the City of Calgary, and became the city cemetery.

Track-laying was making rapid progress. Some five miles were laid in one day on a stretch about ten miles east of Calgary. This was considered a record for the time; and perhaps for all time in track-laying done entirely by manual labour.

I cannot give the exact date on which the track reached Calgary; but it was in the early part of August, 1883. The laying of the track to this point completed the contract of Langdon & Shepard, an American firm which had the contract to build the railway across the plains to Calgary. The stations Langdon, and Shepard—the last two before reaching Calgary—were so named by the C.P.R. in honour of the members of that firm.

The construction of the Railway was being continued by sub-contractors under the direction of the North American Construction Company.

It had been the expectation of those who had set up tents east of the Elbow, on Section 14, that the station would be located there. But the C.P.R. had other plans in view. Through its subsidiary, the Canada North West Land Company, it had a town-site of its own to develop, about a mile farther west on Section 15. On this section a telegraph office was located, and headquarters established.

Our camp on the Macleod trail was moved there too, and made part, as before, with Curran's camp.

It would seem that by this time Lougheed had lost faith in Medicine Hat, for he also arrived on the scene, and again took up his quarters with us. So the camp

consisted of very much the same personnel as at Medicine Hat, including of course, George.

Quite a large portion of the area in which this camp was situated, was used as a material yard; and also for a large warehouse and store for camp supplies, such as provisions, clothing, blankets, buffalo-robes, etc.; everything, in fact, that might possibly be needed. In length, this area extended approximately from the site of the present station to about the site of the present Robin Hood Mills; and in breadth it reached from the C.P.R. track north to about the rear of what is now the site of that well-patronized institution, the Alberta Government Liquor Store.

The laying out of the sidings to serve the material yard was my first work after moving from the Macleod trail. The ground was slightly low-lying, and was a rich hay meadow. The grass was so long that the stakes with which I started to lay out these sidings could not be seen. So I had to hunt up longer stakes—no easy matter, for wood with which to make stakes was none too plentiful there at the time.

The stock of material in the yard was practically all imported: timber from the States; and steel rails from the Krupp works in Germany. Some of these rails are still in use on the siding which serves the Robin Hood Mills, and probably also on other sidings in that vicinity. They may be recognized by the words: *"KRUPP C.P.R. STEEL. 1883."* which are moulded on them in relief.

It was about this time that *The Calgary Weekly Herald* made its bow to the public. The proprietors, Armour and Braden, set up their printing press in a tent, a short distance from the left bank of the Elbow, south of the railway. I well remember seeing the press at work. And I bought a copy of the first issue of the paper.

The company had decided to make a divisional point at the 14th siding—numbering from Medicine Hat. This

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siding was about sixty miles east of Calgary, and bordered on the Blackfoot Indian Reserve.

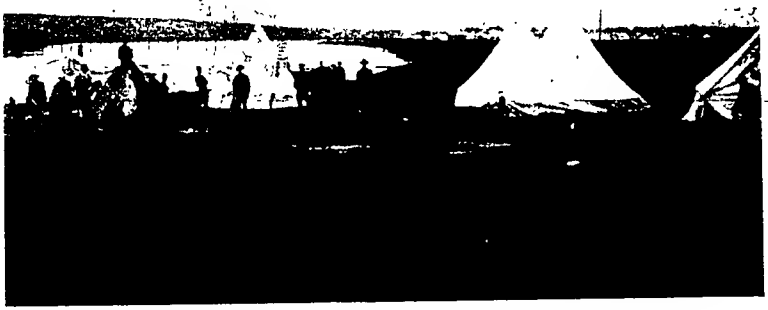
The laying out and superintending the construction of a round-house and turntable there, with the necessary side tracks, devolved on me, with Thomson as my assistant. So we gathered together a small camp outfit, consisting of tent and bedding and provisions for the few days we had calculated it would take us to do the preliminary work. These we loaded on a flat-car of a train ready to start, and took our places on the car beside our outfit. We had quite a long time to wait before the train actually started, as the conductor was *waiting for orders*. *Waiting for orders* was the usual answer given by the conductor of a construction train which might be waiting—for no apparent reason—at some siding, when anyone ventured to remark: "What are we waiting here for?"

We reached our destination all right, but my mind is a blank on the greater part of what we did there. A few incidents, however, I still clearly remember. We pitched our tent on the north side of the track, and then proceeded to carry in the box containing our provisions. It was rather heavy for one to carry, so we both took hold. But just as we were nearing the tent one of us—I don't remember which—stumbled on a badger or gopher hole, and down dropped the box, scattering the contents on the prairie. However, after we had picked everything up, we got comfortably settled in our tent.—

Whether it was at our noon or our evening meal, I can't now say; but a number of Indians gathered around us at one or the other. They were quite friendly; in fact, too friendly, for they made it very clear by their expressive sign language, that they wanted to share in our feast. But this was met by a prompt refusal. To have given them any encouragement would most likely have resulted in our supplies giving out before we had completed our work. Still they hung around for a while.



Medicine Hat, June, 1883



Camp at Medicine Hat

One of them—in a gorgeous Hudson's Bay blanket—lay outside in the lee of our tent, all night, close against the wall. This happened to be the side of the tent where I slept; so there was nothing between us but the canvas. Thomson had the misfortune to be hard of hearing; but on this occasion he had the advantage over me, for he was able to sleep soundly without being disturbed by any outside noises. But I passed a restless night; and seemed to sleep with one ear open, for I could hear the rustling of the canvas as the Indian lying outside turned himself over from time to time. However, nothing untoward happened; we got busy with our work the next day, and in a few days more we had everything ready for the carpenters to commence work on the round-house. We then returned to Calgary.

The construction of this round-house was not done by contract, but by a crew of carpenters employed by the company, under the superintendence of Horace Haney. We had many goings and comings during its construction; but as the carpenters had a good camp established, we didn't have to take a tent with us, but only our blankets. We had our meals at their camp; and always found a place there in which to sleep. Blankets, I may here note, formed our essential baggage on all trips of this kind when we expected to be away from our own quarters overnight.

These carpenters were a fine set of men, and I thoroughly enjoyed the evenings I spent with them. Some had musical instruments, and many of them were good singers; there were good story-tellers among them too. So they could furnish the talent to make a pleasant evening.

It was at this siding that I first met the Venerable Archdeacon Tims, now the highly respected Chaplain of the Southern Alberta Pioneers' and Old Timers' Association. He was then a Church of England Missionary among the Blackfoot Indians. I happened to be there

on a Sunday when he held a service in the station building which had just been completed; and I attended that service along with my friends the carpenters.

A year, or possibly two years after the establishment of this divisional point, it was given the name of "Gleichen" by the C.P.R. directorate, after a German Count of that name who had played a prominent part in financing the company. But the pronunciation of the name from the start was, and still is "Gleesh'n"—a wide departure from the pronunciation of the German name, "Gleichen". This shows the futility of giving a foreign name to any place, with the expectation that its proper pronunciation will be preserved, particularly among people who have never heard the name pronounced as it was intended it should be.

Construction of the railway from Calgary westward had been proceeding rapidly, and by the time the carpenters had finished work on the Gleichen round-house, the track had about reached Canmore—the next projected divisional point. So they were moved there to build another round-house on the same plan as the one at Gleichen; and Thomson and I had the work of laying out and superintending the construction of this one too.

On our first trip to the mountains in connection with this work, we stayed a night with Odell—one of the division engineers. He, however, was about to move camp. So the next day we took up our quarters—as we had done at Gleichen—at the carpenters' camp.

One Sunday, when there, we climbed the mountain lying directly opposite the round-house, to the north. It was not a very difficult one to climb; but as it was our first attempt at mountaineering, we felt we could rightly pat ourselves on the back at having accomplished what we considered, at the time, to be quite a feat.

At our camp at Calgary, we not infrequently had visitors of note; and among these I clearly remember

meeting Father Lacombe, pioneer Catholic Missionary; and Major Rogers of Roger's Pass fame, both of whom paid a visit at the same time. The latter had finished his exploratory surveys for the railway company, and was on his way east.

Among other pioneers much spoken of in those days were the Rev. John McDougall, Methodist Missionary; and his brother David who was a trader with the Stoney Indians. Both lived at Morley, some forty miles west of Calgary. I did not happen to meet them at the time I was camped at Calgary, but came to know them in after years. David had the reputation of being a particularly tall story-teller.

I never heard him tell any of the stories with which he was credited; but according to these he must have rivalled in fantasy even the famous Baron Munchausen.

Be that as it may, the engineers who were camped near Morley during the construction of the railway through that district, spoke highly of both him and Mrs. McDougall, in appreciation of their hospitality.

The location of the railway through the mountains was being carried on well ahead of construction by different surveying parties under the direction of A. L. Hogg, the Chief Locating Engineer.

Shaw was the engineer in charge of one of these parties. He had been on location on the prairies, and had located the line to Calgary the year before; and because of his prairie experience, was dubbed by Major Rogers—rather sarcastically—the "Prairie Gopher".

But he soon showed Rogers that a Prairie Gopher could be just as expert in the mountains as on the prairies. There was a mountain, then known as Tunnel Mountain —which still bears that name—through the side of which it had been projected to drive a tunnel. But Shaw found a way to avoid a tunnel by locating the railway through a pass to the north of this mountain. So, although the

name "Tunnel Mountain" is still given to it, it lacks the tunnel.

Tunnel Mountain is some eighty miles west of Calgary, and now forms one of the attractive features of Banff—a town not in existence at the time the railway was being built; nor, as far as I know, was there even one projected there.

I did not know Shaw then, but it was he himself who told me, many years later, of his experiences on location surveys, and of the nickname which Rogers had given him.

Continuing his surveys up the Bow River, Shaw ran a trial line to the Howse Pass to determine whether this would be a better route for the railway to follow than the one projected by way of the Kicking Horse Pass.

While engaged on this survey, the winter closed in on him, and he and his party had a long and arduous time digging their way through deep snow back to the End of Track, which was then at what was long known as Laggan, but is now called Lake Louise. He, however, had obtained sufficient information to decide against adopting the Howse Pass route.

Between occasional trips to Canmore, our work in the office at Calgary was varied, but for the most part consisted in preparing plans for the abutments and piers for steel bridges to take the place of the temporary pile bridges which had been erected on the first three crossings of the Bow River; and the one over the Elbow River.

This was before the age of concrete; and suitable stone for masonry was not available; so it was decided to build these piers and abutments of timber on pile foundations.

As the winter drew near, trips to Canmore lost much of their attraction. It was out of the question to ride outside in the cold on a flat-car. So we had to take to the caboose and it was generally packed—standing room only.

It was on one of these trips that I first met Major

Walker, one of the pioneers of the day, better known in after years in Calgary as "the Colonel". He and I had got wedged together in a corner of the caboose; and I well remember how his tall figure towered above me as we endeavoured, in our strained positions, to carry on a conversation.

That, I think, would be the last trip of the kind that Thomson made with me; for he left about that time to finish his course at the Toronto School of Applied Science.

Later in the year, Doane and I had a rather chilly experience. We had gone up to the 3rd Crossing of the Bow to lay out the position of the abutments and pier for the steel bridge to be erected there. This crossing is a few miles west of the station now called Cochrane. After we had finished our work, we had to wait there two days before we could get a train back to Calgary; and it was 30 below zero. Fortunately, however, we found refuge in the section-house which had but recently been built, and was occupied by the section-men. We were most hospitably entertained. We had our own blankets, and spread them on the floor of the dining-room at nights. But our sleep was very broken, for we never knew when a train might come along so had to be continually on the watch. But our nightmare ended when a train did finally arrive and took us back to Calgary.

By this time work on the construction of the railway was being closed down for the winter; and contractors, engineers, and other officials were leaving for the East. Our headquarters' camp was broken up, and Curran and his staff were moved to Winnipeg. Holt too, went to Winnipeg; and Doane left for his home in Meadville, Pennsylvania. So I was the only engineer of our party remaining in Calgary.

My duties were to look after the building of the piers and abutments for the steel bridges, during the winter. This work was being done by the company's own crew

of carpenters—and other necessary labour—under Haney's direction. There was placed at his disposal for this work, a work-train composed of an engine and a track pile driver, together with a flat-car or two, and a boarding-car. This work-train was the only train that ran west of Calgary that winter.

Langham was chief clerk on this work; he made out the payrolls and statements of cost. Howard Douglas, who had been in charge of the material yard during the summer and fall, also remained on the job.

I was furnished with a track velocipede for getting to the different crossings of the Bow where the work might be in progress. It was quite a stiff pull to the 3rd crossing—some twenty-three miles—all up grade, and often against a strong head wind; but I came sailing back in good style. Sometimes I got a ride to that crossing on Haney's engine, when it happened to be taking material there. But the velocipede was my stand-by.

Lougheed, for a time, had taken up his abode with me in my tent. One day he went to Medicine Hat to attend court, and it so happened that when he was there a strike of the locomotive engineers took place. This put a stop, for the time being, to the running of trains between Winnipeg and Calgary. So Lougheed could not get back to Calgary by train. News, however, reached Calgary that he and some others were pumping their way back on a hand-car.

The night following this report, I was wakened from a sound sleep by Lougheed as he came crawling into our tent. Between many moanings and groanings, he gave me his account of this trip. He and his party had managed to get as far as Shepard with the hand-car, but a sleet storm they encountered there had made the track so slippery, with the sleet freezing to the rails, that they could not get the car to go any farther. They therefore abandoned it, and walked the rest of the way—some eight or ten miles—to Calgary.

It was several days before he was able to straighten out the bend in his back, which he had got through pumping the hand-car.

Just how long I stayed in this tent I don't remember, but at some time during the winter I got an invitation from Langham to stay with him in a small shack, close by, which he occupied as his office and sleeping-quarters. For meals, he and I went to the Royal Hotel which had been moved from Medicine Hat by the proprietor, Molton, to a site east of the Elbow, near the site of the present east Calgary fire hall.

One rather cold morning, as we were walking along the track to breakfast at this palatial hotel, we faced a bitter east wind. We had enough to do to keep ourselves warm, so we were not doing much talking, until one of us—I don't remember which—turned to the other and abruptly asked:

"How's my nose?"

"It's frozen;" was the prompt but unmistakable answer.

"So is yours," was the equally unmistakable retort, shot back.

Then we each picked up a handful of snow, with which we gave our noses a good rubbing. This seemed to prove effective; and we proceeded on our way to breakfast.

One morning, about this time, while we were at breakfast at this hotel, we were surprised by the arrival of Shaw and his party which we had last heard of as being snowed up in the Howse Pass. They had managed to dig themselves out and had got to the End of Track, as already noted; but by the time they got there no trains were running to take them any farther. Fortunately Bender, who was in charge of the company's transport teams, was wintering there with his equipment; and he drove the party to Calgary in sleighs.

Their tattered and odd-looking garb showed what they had come through; some of them even had gunnysacks wrapped about their feet. But I had no opportunity to have any conversation with them, for they left after breakfast for the East, by the first train they could get. Shaw, as I have already mentioned, I met many years afterwards, and I told him then that when I first saw him he had gunnysacks on his feet. "Yes," he said, "that's right."

Matthew Neilson was Shaw's transitman. I did not meet him then, but in after years he was my Chief, and I became intimately associated with him, not only professionally, but socially. I got many stories from him of his experiences on Shaw's party when locating the line on the prairie. From one of these stories, the Blackfoot Indians would appear to have their own peculiar sense of humour. They pulled up the engineers' stakes, and the story goes that they reported to the Indian agent that there was a band of crazy white men walking to the mountains, and driving stakes in the ground as they went, so as to find their way back. So the Indians thought they would have the joke on these whites by pulling up the stakes that marked their trail.

On the completion of the piers and abutments for the various bridges, the carpenters were paid off and the crew disbanded.

Langham then went to Winnipeg. But I still remained in possession of the shack, waiting for orders from Holt. I got one of the carpenters who had worked on these bridges to take the bunk vacated by Langham. Thus I still had company in the shack.

The erection of the steel bridge at the first crossing of the Bow had been started as soon as the pier and abut-

ments were completed. This work was being done by an American bridge company, the name of which I don't remember now.

My duties in this connection were very light: simply to show the superintendent in charge the points which I had already marked for the bed-plates. But I kept in close touch with the work as it progressed, and so got well initiated in the methods of erection there employed.

The first time that I tried walking on the top chord —quite a height above the river—I was brought to a stop by what seemed an impassable barrier. This was the end of a rope lying on the chord. It was quite an ordinary rope, but it hypnotized me so that it looked like a huge log. I felt I could not lift my foot to step over it. I felt more like getting down on my hands and knees and crawling. But I did not want to show the white feather before a lot of nimble-footed bridge men. So I made a supreme effort and with apparent calmness, raised my foot and stepped over it. The charm was thus broken; and what a relief this was.

In later years I became able to walk on much narrower spaces at much more dizzy heights, without a qualm.

While on the subject of this bridge, I must mention two men, Hunter, and Grant, whose job it was to gather large stones on the river bottom for riprapping the pier. They were furnished with a team and a stone-boat which they loaded with stones, and then unloaded it on the ice around the pier. I had many conversations with them. They both became permanent residents of Calgary. Hunter carried on his trade as a baker, and Grant for many years drove the Hudson's Bay Company's delivery rig.

By the end of 1883, or early in 1884, the C.P.R. had its town-site surveyed and was ready to start selling lots. Major John Stewart, who owned that portion of the

north-west quarter of Section 14 lying east of the Elbow, had had his town-site surveyed too, and had already held a sale of lots. As it was on his town-site that most of the tents and small buildings had been located, he felt confident of holding them there. But his confidence in this led him to ask too high a price for his lots, in the opinion of the prospective purchasers. So the sale was not a success.

Shortly afterwards, McTavish, the C.P.R. land commissioner, accompanied by Holt, arrived from Winnipeg to hold a sale of the company's lots. Holt looked me up and in the course of conversation he asked me if I intended to buy any lots. I was not at all keen to venture on any real estate speculation; I still had in mind the disastrous results of the collapse of the Winnipeg boom. However, I attended the sale, with Holt.

I don't remember where this sale was held, but I well remember being impressed with the fair way in which it was conducted. The company, for some time previous, had been taking applications to purchase, and each applicant had been given an identifying number according to the order of his application.

At the sale, the applicant who was the first to apply was called upon to mark with pencil—on a plan of the town-site tacked to a wall—the lots he desired to purchase. The first applicant happened to be John Glen, pioneer settler at Fish Creek, some ten miles south of Calgary. I can see him yet as he stepped forward and marked the corner lots on what is now Centre Street and 9th Avenue East.

In due course, Holt, who also was an applicant, was called upon to show his choice; and he did this by marking with one sweep of the pencil all the lots on the north side of 8th Avenue between Centre Street and 1st Street East. When he had done this, he said to me that I could have two of these lots if I wished. I fully appreciated his kind offer, and seeing he showed such confidence in

Calgary real estate as an investment, I concluded I could not do better than follow his example. So I accepted, and thus became the owner of the two lots on 8th Avenue East on which the Thomson Block is now built.

Objection, however, was said to have been raised by the higher officials of the company to Holt's taking part in the purchase of lots. Be that as it may, he relinquished his claim on the lots he had chosen. But no objection was raised against my purchasing; and I was allowed to retain the two lots he had offered to me.

The terms of sale were most reasonable: $300 for inside lots and $450 for a corner lot. One-third of the price was payable on signing the agreement of sale; and the balance in two annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent. The company further undertook to give a rebate of 50 per cent on all payments, provided a building was erected on the lots and occupied before a specified date in March.

W. T. Ramsay was the company's agent handling the sale. He had an office in a car on a siding near the station, and, following the public sale, continued selling lots to any purchaser who came along.

Then began an exodus from east of the Elbow which was certainly unique. For not only was it an exodus of people, but of tents, buildings and shacks moving to the C.P.R. town-site. Although the waters of the Elbow did not part in two to let them cross on dry land, they did what amounted to the same thing—they froze. So the crossing was made on sleds, on the ice, and the buildings then hauled to their new sites.

One of the first buildings to be moved was James Bannerman's flour and feed store. This building was the post office, and Bannerman was the postmaster. The moving of the post office was said to have been done by the C.P.R., so as to stimulate the sale of lots on its town-site. It was moved to a lot adjoining my lots; so it really looked as if things were coming my way.

Moving of buildings was not, however, the only activity at that time. The erection of new buildings was also being carried on briskly. A hotel was built on 9th Avenue almost opposite the site of the present Palliser Hotel. It was called, I think, the Alberta House. It was close to my shack, so I went there for my meals.

The dining-room of this hotel was simply an adjunct with log walls and a canvas roof, more fitted to be called a refrigerator than a dining-room. It was certainly a chilly breakfast that one got there.

One of the delicacies supposed to be served for breakfast was apple sauce. A glass bowl containing this sauce, was a permanent feature of the dining table, and boarders were supposed to help themselves. But it was impossible to put a spoon into it; it was frozen hard. So we passed it by. Still, we made out on the whole pretty well.

One of the star boarders at this hotel with whom I got intimately acquainted, was S. A. Ramsay who in after years became an alderman of the City of Calgary; and ended up as mayor. His name must not be confused with that of W. T. Ramsay, the C.P.R. town-site agent already mentioned.

It was about this time that I first met George Murdoch who, when the Town of Calgary was incorporated shortly afterwards, became Calgary's first Mayor; and Dr. N. J. Lindsay and I. S. Freeze who became members of the first Council. James Reilly—"the people's James", as he was called—was one of Calgary's pioneer citizens whom I also met. He too eventually became Mayor.

When stating where my own lots and others I have mentioned were located, I used the present names of the avenues and streets, in order that the location of these lots could be readily visualized. But these names were quite unknown when the C.P.R. town-site was laid out, and for many years afterwards. The names chosen by the company for the streets and avenues may therefore

be of some historic interest. The avenue adjoining the north side of the railway right of way was named Atlantic Avenue; and the one adjoining the south side of the right of way was named Pacific Avenue; names well chosen to epitomize the story of the C.P.R. Other avenues and streets were named after the directors and other officials of the company.

The following tabulation shows the original names of some of the avenues and streets, together with the names by which they are now known.

Avenues				*Streets*			
Angus	Now	6th	Avenue	Ross	Now	4th	St. W.
McIntyre	"	7th	"	Barclay	"	3rd	" "
Stephen	"	8th	"	Hamilton	"	2nd	" "
Atlantic	"	9th	"	Scarth	"	1st	" "
C.P.R.	Right	of	Way	McTavish	"	Centre	St.
Pacific	Now	10th	Avenue	Osler	"	1st	St. E.
Smith	"	11th	"	Drinkwater	"	2nd	" "
Van Horne	"	12th	"	Hardisty	"	3rd	" "
Kennedy	"	13th	"				

Among the new arrivals who were almost daily coming to Calgary at that time, was a young man named A. D. Rankin. He came to see me at my shack, with a view to getting me to build a store on my lots, according to a sketch plan he had made. He was willing to rent a building of that kind as a dry goods store. He had, he said, been employed in the dry goods department of the Hudson's Bay Company's store at Winnipeg, and intended starting in business for himself at Calgary.

After discussing with him the pros and cons of his proposal, I agreed to erect the building and lease it to him at the rental he had offered to pay. I bought the lumber from S. J. Hogg, a well-known lumber dealer, who became one of the members of the first Town Council. I got Haney to do the work—he had finished his work for the C.P.R. by that time—and the building was completed and occupied within the time limit set by the

C.P.R. land department entitling me to the 50 per cent rebate on the price of the lots. So I had good reason to feel pleased that my speculation gave promise of turning out all right.

Rankin took in with him as partner Alexander Allan who also had been employed along with him in Winnipeg by the Hudson's Bay Company. Their business was carried on under the firm name of Rankin and Allan.

One night, after my carpenter companion and I had gone to bed, we were roused by a violent thumping on the door and a voice demanding with authority to know how many were in the shack. The voice further added that it was the police who wanted this information. So we opened up to let them see for themselves, and were confronted by two mounted policemen. The spokesman then told us that a murder had been committed, and that they were searching for the murderer. He asked us if we had seen anyone passing the shack going west that evening. We had heard, we told him, a hand-car going that way, but had not seen it. We could not give them any further information, so they left, with profuse apologies for having disturbed us.

The suspected murderer, a Negro, was caught the next morning in an Indian camp at Shaganappi Point on the Bow River, some two miles west of Calgary.

The victim of the murder was a young man named Adams, who had recently come to Calgary. He was murdered when working alone in the evening in McKelvie's store.

The murder was a most brutal one, and so horrified the people of Calgary that a meeting was immediately called to discuss the question of forming a vigilance committee, after the manner of some western communities in the United States.

I attended that meeting. The chairman was General Strange, a well-known rancher on the Bow River about

thirty miles east of Calgary. At one stage of the meeting, a wild-eyed individual who seemed to be against everything and everybody, opened a tirade against the ranch leases. This was a clear hit at the chairman. But General Strange calmly called him to order, telling him that the meeting was being held to discuss the formation of a vigilance committee, not ranch leases.

I don't remember what conclusion the meeting came to; but the necessity for forming a vigilance committee lost its force with the arrival, a few days later, of Colonel Macleod from Fort Macleod to try the murder case by a jury.

I attended the trial. Bleeker was the lawyer who prosecuted; and Lougheed looked after the interests of the accused. I. S. Freeze, I remember, was one of the jurymen. The trial was short, and the jury found the accused guilty of murder. Colonel Macleod then sentenced him to be hanged. Thus the law was enforced without any vigilance committee. And no attempt has since been made to form such a committee.

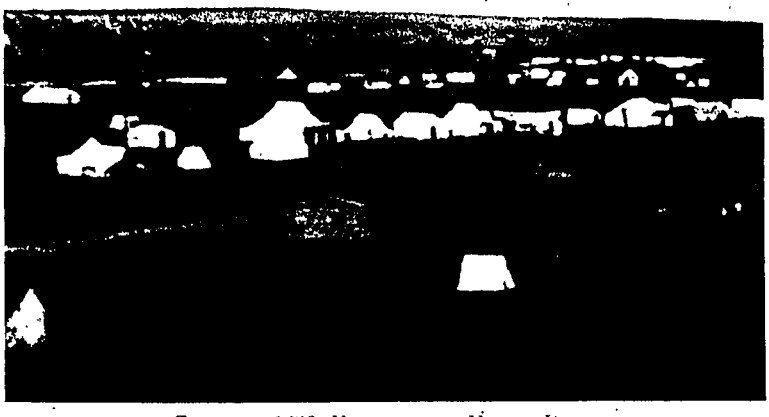
I was not in Calgary when the murderer was hanged, for before his execution took place I received a telegram from Holt—who was at Winnipeg—telling me in the usual concise telegraphic language, to "go to The Summit and report to Sykes".

The Summit was the name generally used to designate the headquarters which had been established at the End of Track. The track, however, was still a few miles from the actual summit of the Kicking Horse Pass.

So I made haste to carry out instructions, and after arranging with W. T. Ramsay to act as my agent and look after my property, I left Calgary by the first train I could get. It was then spring, for I remember that the gophers were out.



ENGINEER CHISHOLM'S CAMP AT TUNNEL MOUNTAIN



CALGARY, 1883, EAST OF THE ELBOW RIVER

Chapter IX

MOUNTAIN DIVISION C. P. R.
1884

THE TRAIN on which I left Calgary in the spring of 1884, was the first train on which, for some time past, I did not have to travel on a flat-car, or in a caboose. It was a through train from Winnipeg with standard coaches, in which contractors, engineers, and other employees of the C.P.R. were making their way to The Summit, to engage again in the construction of the railway—work which had been in abeyance all winter. The North American Construction Company had by this time ceased to function, and construction work was being organized by the C.P.R. directly, with James Ross as Manager.

On the train I happened to meet, for the first time, Matthew Neilson whom I have already mentioned; and the conversations I had with him made the time pass pleasantly.

I have no distinct recollection of having reported to Sykes on my arrival at The Summit, as instructed by Holt. But doubtless I did, and he very likely referred me to J. H. Armstrong who had just been appointed Chief Engineer on construction; for it was to him that I did report. Armstrong had been the engineer in charge, during the fall and winter, of the building of the permanent steel bridge over the South Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat. I had met him late in the summer at our Calgary Camp before he went to Medicine Hat; so he was no stranger to me when I met him again at The Summit.

Holt shortly afterwards resigned from his position with

the company, and took a contract for the grading of a section of the railway near the mouth of the Kicking Horse River. So I no longer got instructions from him, but from Armstrong, who from then on became my Chief.

As trains kept arriving daily with crowds eager to get to work on the construction of the railway, the scene at the summit might well have been compared to a gathering of the clans in response to the call of the fiery cross; all keyed up and ready to go.

While those arrivals were assembling, and the different engineering camps were being organized, I had the opportunity of getting acquainted with various engineers and contractors. Among the engineers, I may mention Chisholm, Bell-Irving, and Stewart, whom I had heard of the previous year, but had not met until then. Also G. H. Duggan, a new-comer, with whom I came to be intimately associated later. Griffith, Doane, and Thomson too, arrived on the scene; and also, to my great surprise and delight, my friend Mather, who had completed his work on the O. and Q. Railway.

With the completion of that railway, others who had been employed on it also joined the C.P.R. One of these was Barclay. He was put in charge of the laying out and the construction of the tote-road for the company's transport teams; and on that account became well known as "Tote-road-Barclay".

Tom Holt, elder brother of H. S. Holt, was another new-comer. He had been in South Africa for some time, and had served there in the Zulu War, either in the commissariat, or in the transport department.

Soon after his arrival at The Summit, he was placed in charge of the company's store there, and it thus became generally spoken of as Holt's Store. It was the construction headquarters until the track had been laid farther west. It was then moved to a new site in accord with the progress of the work.

Some writers on the C.P.R. construction days in the

mountains, when speaking of H. S. Holt, have referred to the headquarters at The Summit—afterwards named Laggan—as Holt City, presumably so called after him. I, however, never heard of Holt City. But Holt's Store, called after Tom Holt, was a familiar expression which everyone knew.

I had many conversations with Tom Holt at The Summit, while waiting for the camps to be organized. In the course of one of these conversations, I was amused to hear him refer to his brother, H. S. as "the great I am".

On another occasion we had a ride on horseback together over the old pack trail, as far as Mather's camp, which had been but recently established near Ottertail Creek. We had lunch at this camp, and I was pleased to have a chat with Mather again. But this proved to be the last I was to have with him for some time; for he shortly afterwards gave up his position with the C.P.R. to take what he considered was a better one which he had been offered in New Mexico.

Doane and Thomson, on their arrival at The Summit, at once had an office tent set up and were kept busy making tracings of the location plans and profiles of the different sections of the railway on which construction work was about to commence. These tracings were for the use of the different engineers who were to take charge of this work; and I lent a hand in making them, for a few days while my own camp was being organized.

The grading of a few miles from the end of track up Bath Creek—a tributary of the Bow—to Summit Lake, which was the real summit, had been left unfinished the previous year; and the first construction job assigned to me was to take charge of its completion.

I had my camp pitched at the Lake. It consisted of two tents, each 12 feet by 14 feet. The members of the party were: T. Dand, rodman; A. K. Stuart, chainman;

Charlie Campbell, axeman; and the cook (I don't remember his name now).

One of the tents served as office, and also as living-and sleeping-quarters for Dand, Stuart, and myself. The other was the quarters of the cook and the axeman; and was also the dining-room. This was the standard equipment of an engineer's camp on construction.

Griffith also was with me on this job for a few days as a spare hand, until he was called back by Armstrong to be his chief assistant in charge of his office—the position he had held with Burpee the previous year.

As for the rest of the members of my party, I knew nothing of their qualifications. They were all perfect strangers to me, and had been assigned to my party on trial, without any say on my part. On the whole, they measured up pretty well.

This job was soon finished, and there were few incidents worth noting. There was one, however, which tested well Stuart's staying powers, and his fitness for his job. I had occasion to measure across the lake at its narrow part near the end. It was still frozen over, but the ice was getting rather rotten. It was shallow at that part, though, and Stuart started on his way across on the ice, dragging the chain. But he had not gone far before he got into difficulties. The ice gave way under his weight, and he found himself knee-deep in the water. Nevertheless, he did not flinch, but kept on going, while the ice continued to break at each step as he raised his foot on to it. Smashing along in this way through the ice he finally reached the shore, dragging the chain. "Good work, Stuart," I called to him. I knew for certain that from then on, I could rely on him.

My next move was to what were then known as the Kicking Horse Flats. There, I had charge of the grading of a section extending about three miles. The camp was moved by the company's teams over the newly built tote-

road; but I have no recollection whatever of anything connected with this moving. All I remember is, finding at some time of the day, our camp pitched in the bush close to the tote-road, at a short distance past Porcupine Creek. So we evidently got there somehow.

There were three different contractors doing the work on this section. These were: Dave Isaacs, who had his camp on Porcupine Creek; Quigley and McCrimmon, who had theirs very near my own; and Ole Petersen whose camp was at the farther end of the section, near the site of what is now the station named Leancoil.

Ole Petersen was a Swede from the States. He had with him, as an able helper, his son whom we usually referred to as "young Ole", although Ole may not have been his name. Both were capable railway builders; they thoroughly understood their work.

Quigley and McCrimmon were Canadians. Quigley was of Irish descent, and McCrimmon's forebears came from Scotland. They were good railway builders, straightforward, and pleasant to deal with.

Isaacs, as his name would indicate, was a Jew. He was not a railway builder. He was a hotel-keeper, and had the Prospect House at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Prior to his coming to the mountains, he had had no experience in railway building; and how he managed to get a contract, I do not know. He had, however, a capable engineer named Davis, as manager, and the work went along in good form.

But although Isaacs knew nothing about railway building, he knew all about running a camp. He was in his element in this. He ran his camp just as he ran his hotel at the Falls. Everything about it had to be neat and tidy. No rubbish lying about. His camp was therefore a popular one at which to call.

Davis had his wife and her sister Miss Tilla Bricker, a lively and attractive young lady, with him in camp; and

the presence there of these ladies contributed much to its popularity.

Forest fires started shortly after our camp had been set up. The mountain sides were ablaze, and I thought it well to have our camp moved out of danger from its position in the bush. So it was moved a short distance to a site nearer the river where the trees were sparse.

We had lots of callers at this camp. James Ross was quite a frequent visitor, and often had searching questions to ask regarding the work. T. J. S. Skinner, now one of Calgary's pioneer citizens, carried the C.P.R. mail from the post office at Holt's Store and delivered it to the different camps ahead. He had a horse to ride, and led another which carried the mail on a pack saddle. He was a regular and most welcome visitor. Tote-road Barclay too, often spent a night with us, when on his way on horseback up and down the tote-road. He was quite a character and he enlivened our evenings with his stories full of dry humour. On one occasion, when he got up in the morning, he found that his horse, which he had hobbled the night before, had gone into the Kicking Horse and had swum to an island where it could be seen looking very lonely, and pondering on what it was going to do next. Barclay had quite a job getting it back; and I can still hear the language he used.

I have in my possession a circular letter sent out by Armstrong to engineer's camps on construction, for their guidance in ordering supplies. It is an interesting reminder of how we fared in the way of food. It is handwritten, with the exception of the printed letter-head. This is the letter-head:

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.
Mountain Division
Office of Manager of Construction
Winnipeg, Man. 188-

The words "Winnipeg, Man." have been scored out with a pen, and the words "Holt's Store" written above them. So here is what the circular has to say:

Holt's Store, 13th May 1884

List of Provisions for Construction Camps for 1 Month

2 Sacks Flour	1 Packet Salt
125 Lbs. Bacon	½ Lb. Pepper
65 Lbs. Ham	¼ Lb. Mustard
½ Barrel Corned Beef	10 Bars Soap
26 Lbs. Sugar	12 Lbs. Wax Candles
10 Lbs. Tea	1 Quarter Gross Matches
5 Lbs. Coffee	½ Doz. Mixed Pickles
1 Keg Syrup	1 Case Tomatoes
30 Lbs. Oatmeal	6 Lbs. Cheese
25 Lbs. Beans	1 Tub Butter
12 Lbs. Split Peas	1 Pail Lard
25 Lbs. Dried Apples	6 Lbs. Currants
10 Lbs. Baking Powder	1 Box Raisins
1 Package Yeast Cakes	1 Doz. Corn
20 Lbs. Rice	1 Doz. Peas
1 Lb. Hops	1 Doz. Canned Milk
	1 Case Canned Apples
	1 Case Canned Plums

J. H. Armstrong
G.

The letter G. here, under Armstrong's name, undoubtedly stands for Griffith who generally signed for Armstrong in this way.

Other articles of food, such as prunes and canned peaches, were obtainable as alternatives to similar items on this list. We got fresh meat too, occasionally. This was delivered to the camps by the butchers at the improvised slaughtering grounds along the route of the railway under a contract with W. R. Hull—then a resident of

British Columbia; and in after years a prominent citizen of Calgary.

This list provided for a camp of five. It will thus be seen that we had an ample variety of food to satisfy the appetites of healthy and energetic young men leading an outdoor life.

The work of an engineer on construction is but little understood by the general public. Some doubtless regard him as simply a fellow who looks through a telescope and sees things upside down. So, for the enlightenment of the general reader, I shall, without being too technical, give some details in my description of the work, which it would be quite unnecessary to give were my readers all engineers.

Contracts for grading were let at a stated price per cubic yard of material moved. Solid rock, loose rock, and earth—as defined in the specifications—had each a stated price. Clearing the route of trees, and grubbing out stumps, were each paid for at so much an acre.

It was the duty of engineers on construction to lay out and superintend the construction of the work on their sections, and to make and turn in, monthly estimates of the quantities moved under each classification. On these estimates, the contractors got paid for their work at their contract prices.

Before I had got my camp established on my section, contractors with their outfits were already on the ground waiting to have their work laid out for them. So I had to pitch in immediately and lay out, at various points spread over my section, just enough work to let each contractor get a start.

The laying out of the rest of the work, however, took considerable time; and often much physical effort. For it involved the setting of slope stakes to mark the top of slopes in excavations to be made, or the foot of slopes in embankments. This necessitated taking levels at dis-

tances measured on trial, right and left from the location line; and then from these trial distances and levels, calculating on the spot, the right distance at which to set the stakes. And for the guidance of those who were doing the grading, the depth in feet of excavation, or the height of embankment required at these points—as the case might be—was marked on the stakes.

Setting of slope stakes was technically known as cross-sectioning; and from the cross-sections thus taken, the quantities of material to be moved were afterwards calculated in camp. They thus formed the basis on which our monthly estimates were made out. Cross-sections were taken every 100 feet, or closer, depending on how uneven the ground surface happened to be. When doing this work, we generally had steep side-hills to climb up and down, and would often have to dig our toes in, in our efforts to get a foothold.

Dand, whom I have already mentioned as being rodman on my party, did not prove to be as agile at this climbing up and down as I had wanted him to be. He had held the position of pile inspector on the construction of bridges the previous year. So, at my request Armstrong sent him to Beckler, the engineer in charge of bridge construction, to resume his old position as pile inspector. In his place, Armstrong sent me John Bright; he had been one of the members of Shaw's survey party which, as previously mentioned, had been snowed up in the Howse Pass. As soon as this change in my party was made, I advanced Stuart to the position of rodman, and made Bright chainman.

Bright had a younger brother, Harry, who started work in the mountains as a labourer with the contractors Quigley and McCrimmon. He was then but a mere boy, but he manfully handled the pick and shovel. Eventually, he got a position with one of the construction engineers. After the completion of the railway, he settled in the Macleod district; and years later, when the Southern

Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers' Association was formed, he became one of its most enthusiastic members. He served one year as President.

The great ambition of many of us on coming to the mountains, was to shoot a bear; and with this end in view, Stuart and I set out one evening and climbed well up the thickly wooded side of the mountain adjacent to our camp. We lay out on this mountain side all night in the hope of getting a bear in the early morning. But we had no luck; the bears were too wary.

One day, however, while we were busy in camp preparing our monthly estimates, we heard the sudden crack of a rifle. Greatly excited, we grabbed our rifles and rushed out, eager to get into the fray, whatever it was. We found that the rifle shot we had heard had come from the cook's rifle; and that with this shot he had killed a bear which had come close to the camp. After the excitement had died down, the bear was skinned and the skin stretched on an improvised frame to dry. The best parts of the carcass were later served by the cook for dinner. This was the first time we had tasted bear meat. It was all right as a novelty; but left no craving for it as a regular diet.

A few days after this event, James Ross called at the camp, and it so happened that at the time he called, Stuart had been having a dip in the river, and was standing—dressed in the garb of Adam—with his back toward us, drying himself with a towel. I was looking in Stuart's direction when Ross asked what I understood at first to be, "Where did you get the *bare* skin?" Somewhat taken aback by this question, I looked up enquiringly at Ross, still seated on his horse, and saw that he was looking at the *bear* skin stretched on the frame. Then I quickly realized what his question meant; and told him the story of the shooting.

The scenery, needless to say, had an inspiring appeal

for us all. There were, however, no kodaks in those days with which to take snapshots. There were a few itinerant photographers who took photos here and there along the route of the railway; and one could buy photos from them. But these didn't always happen to be photos of the scenes one particularly wanted. So we developed a taste for sketching; and it was our custom when we paid a visit to a neighbouring engineer's camp on a Sunday, to take our portfolio of sketches with us to submit them for inspection and criticism. This criticizing of each other's work proved most helpful.

Some went in for water colours, notably Bell-Irving, and Lewis; but I never got beyond pencil sketches. I well remember one picture which Lewis painted. He called it the "C.P.R. Mail". It showed Skinner on horse-back, with his pack-horse following on the lead, at full gallop over the tote-road; a very realistic picture.

As for my own sketches, I do not make any pretence of their being works of art. But they are a reminder of the pleasant hours I spent in making them. A glance at them now recalls events that are firmly imprinted on my memory.

The summer was a very wet one, and the Kicking Horse was rampant, spreading out all over the Flats. Owing to the incessant rains the tote-road got badly cut up, and it is a wonder that Bender's transport teams got through at all. But they did.

The location line of the railway on part of my section, near Leancoil, ran across what was at one time part of the river bed, and the river claimed it again and covered it with several feet of water. It was therefore impossible at the time to build the road-bed there. On instructions from Armstrong, however, I changed the location by making a detour on higher ground above the water for a distance of about half a mile. So the work went on without any serious delay.

It was during the summer of 1884 that the members of the British Association for the advancement of Science held their meeting in Canada; and some of them came to The Summit to see the mountain scenery. That was as far as trains then ran.

I heard that Sir William Thomson—better known later as Lord Kelvin—whose class in Natural Philosophy I had attended at Glasgow University, was among the number who had come to The Summit. I was hoping that he might venture farther on foot, and that I might chance to meet him and have the pleasure of entertaining my old professor in my camp. But in this, I was disappointed. As far as I could learn, he did not venture so far.

There were, however, others of the party who were more venturesome. Late one evening, two who had been caught in a downpour of rain on their tramp from The Summit, arrived at Isaacs' camp, soaking wet and spattered with mud. I happened to be there that evening, having a pleasant time in Davis' tent with him and Mrs Davis, and Miss Bricker. Isaacs suddenly surprised us by appearing in the tent and announcing, in his own original way, that two *gilhoolies* had come; and he enlarged on their plight. Davis at once left with him to see who these late comers were, and to arrange for their accommodation for the night.

After some time, he and Isaacs, accompanied by his two *gilhoolies,* returned to the tent where the ladies and I were eagerly awaiting their coming, much intrigued to know who these mysterious visitors might be. One turned out to be an Oxford professor; the other was his son, a tall young man in his early twenties. I can't, however, recall their names.

They had been given a change of dry clothes—brand new overalls. They certainly looked odd in their novel get-up; but they were in no way embarrassed by the presence of the ladies. They were cheerful and frank in expressing their appreciation of the hospitality shown them.

They stayed at the camp for a day, to let their clothes get dry. I was afterwards told by Davis that the professor had been seen that day, chasing a chipmunk, in a vain attempt to catch the wily little creature—doubtless with the hope of securing it as a specimen of the fauna of the mountains.

When they left the camp, they continued on their way farther down the Kicking Horse; and I saw nothing more of them.

Another visitor whom I met at Isaacs' camp was J. H. E. Secretan. I had heard much about him but had not previously met him. He was a well-known engineer, and had been employed for a number of years on the government surveys for the railway through the Yellowhead Pass. He had also been employed by the C.P.R. in 1882, on surveys for the line running west from Winnipeg heading for the Bow River valley. Of his doings on that work I had heard many stories. He had the reputation of being a great joker, and very eccentric.

As far as I know, his employment by the C.P.R. had come to an end by the summer of 1883. At any rate, he was not employed by the company when I met him at Isaacs' camp, where he was spending a few days. He had come to the mountains, as far as I could learn, with a view to getting some contract. But I never heard of his having succeeded in getting one.

His propensity for jokes became quite apparent soon after his arrival in camp. He had come across a sheet of Isaacs' writing-paper bearing the letter-head:

"Prospect House
Niagara Falls
David Isaacs, Proprietor."

and this evidently suggested to him the idea of writing on it an "Ode to the Falls".

I remember only parts of this Ode, but these parts

give a fair idea of its nature. The blanks can well be left to the imagination. Here is what I remember:

"Oh the Falls, Falls, Falls,
What thoughts their memory recalls
.....
.....

"About drinks that make you tight
As you wander home at night,
After gazing at the sight
of the Falls.
.....
.....

"How the tourists they do rave
Of the gentle landlord Dave
.....
.....

"Oh, the lies, lies, lies, which he tells
To the heavy English swells
And the belles,
At the Falls.

"And how their eyes do gliss'n
As they liss'n
To those remarks of his'n
About fishes which he bought
Which he made believe he caught
Near the Falls."

Secretan, after a few days at Isaacs' camp, continued his way westward, and I saw no more of him during the time I was in the mountains. I met him, however, once again, a few years later at Winnipeg, where I had stopped over for a day or two on my way to Montreal, or Toronto. I ran across him there at the old Manitoba Club, where he was holding forth in his usual serio-comic vein to a number of the members. I gathered from the conversa-

tion that was being carried on, that he had been Chief Engineer on the construction of a railway chartered by the Manitoba Legislature to run in a south-westerly direction from Winnipeg to the International boundary.

I forget the name of this railway, but it appeared that it had not as yet paid him for his services; and his hearers were quizzing him about this. In reply to their taunts, Secretan informed them that he had recently called at the office of the company in an endeavour to get his pay, but was asked to wait until the train came in and see if the conductor had any money. "And," he added, "when the train did come in, there was only one passenger; and he had a pass."

The spiritual welfare of the men in construction camps was being attended to by two members of the clergy, each in his own way; and this may have been a vital factor in the way the construction of the railway was carried on without any serious troubles.

One of these missionaries was the Rev. Angus Robertson, the first minister of Knox Church in Calgary. He often called at my camp and had a meal with us; so I got to know him intimately. He was a well built and active young man, apparently physically fit for the arduous work he was doing. Yet he died of typhoid fever a few years later—in 1890.

The other missionary was Father Fay—a Scotsman from Aberdeen with a pronounced Aberdonian accent. He also was a frequent caller at my camp, and I had many conversations with him. He had let his beard grow, and with full beard and soutane he was a picturesque figure, suggestive of a monk of old. Fishing was his hobby; and I can see him yet on the banks of the Kicking Horse diligently casting his line. But I never saw him catch any fish. He may, however, have had more success as a fisher of men.

Law and order was maintained by an advanced detachment of the North West Mounted Police. This detachment was in charge of Ralph Bell—the policeman who ferried me across the Bow River, on my first arrival in Calgary.

He was on police duty all through the construction of the railway in the mountains. Afterwards, he became one of Calgary's successful business men. He is now retired and still has his home in Calgary.

The health of the men was cared for by Dr. Sweat, an American whose methods were rough and ready. He was an interesting character. His name was rather an uncommon one, and he would frequently be addressed by some as Dr. *Sweet*. "No," he would say, "not *Sweet*, *Sweat*; just ordinary perspiration."

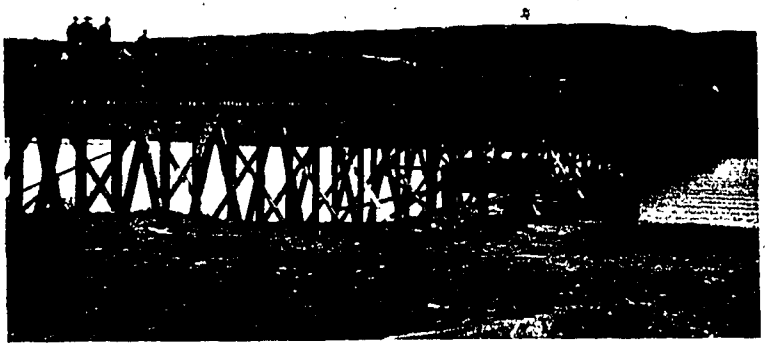
For a time he was the only doctor on the works; but later, two other doctors—Brett and Orton—were added to the medical staff.

I had been camped on the Kicking Horse Flats for some considerable time before I knew of the existence of the lower falls of this river. At a short distance from Leancoil it takes a turn to the left and flows southward for some distance, and then turns sharply to the right. The railway, however, does not follow the river round this bend, but cuts across a short ridge, and rejoins the river farther down. The river thus practically forms two sides of a triangle, of which the railway forms the base. The falls are on the lower of these two sides of the triangle.

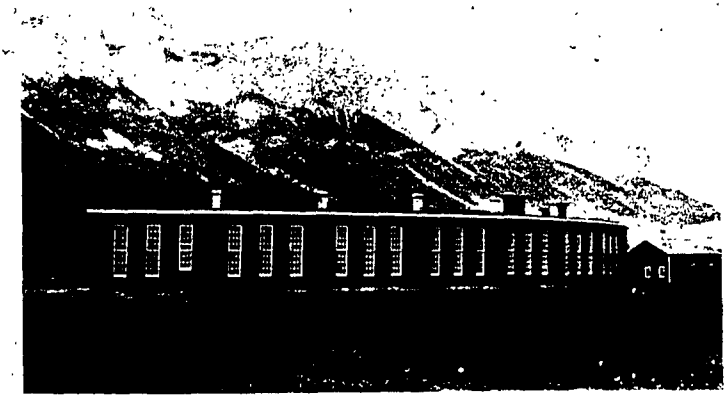
It was Ole Petersen who first told me about these falls. His camp was situated on the base of the triangle, and early one calm Sunday morning when lying in bed he heard the sound of falling water. He got up, and, guided by this sound, he made his way through thick undergrowth for fully a mile, and found the falls. When he



MEDICINE HAT. FIRST TRAIN CROSSING THE SASKATCHEWAN.



MEDICINE HAT
FIRST TRAIN CROSSING THE SASKATCHEWAN
No. 2. TRAIN FURTHER ADVANCED.



ROUNDHOUSE AT CANMORE

told me of his discovery, and what a fine sight the falls were, Stuart and Bright and I, the following Sunday, set out on our own search and found, coyly hidden in the timber and brush, this *Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.*

The engineers on the other sections whom I met most frequently were, Phil Foster on the section adjoining mine, to the east; and W. Z. Earle on the one to the west. One of the contractors on Earle's section was H. P. Bell, formerly engineer on the Intercolonial Railway. His contract was at the end of this section next to mine; so I happened to meet him from time to time, and have a talk with him.

As the summer wore on, the visit to the mountains of Mrs. Davis and Miss Bricker drew to a close. On the morning of the day on which, as it had been announced, they were leaving, there was a gathering of their admirers at Isaacs' camp, to bid them good-bye. I was one of the crowd, and so was Armstrong. In the course of the lively talk that preceded the leave-taking, Miss Bricker made some remark about the train on which they were to travel, and said that it was so long since she had seen an engine that she had almost forgotten what one looked like. To this Armstrong ventured the remark that she no doubt would be pleased to look at an engine again. But with a sly side look at him out of the corner of her eye, she smilingly replied: "No. I would rather look at an engineer." That completely took Armstrong aback. He subsided with a forced laugh, and hadn't a word more to say.

The work on my section had by this time been nearly completed, and the transport teams, instead of keeping to the tote-road, took to using, as a wagon road, those parts of the road-bed which had been finished. This, during the wet weather especially, played havoc with the newly built and well trimmed road-bed. But the

tote-road had become so badly cut up that only light loads could be hauled over it, and it was a moot point whether the damage through its continued use, in break-downs of wagons and equipment, was, or was not greater than the damage to the road-bed caused by teams hauling wagons over it. I had heard Bender, who had charge of the transport teams, hotly maintain that it was. But Armstrong was decidedly opposed to the roadway being used as a wagon road, and he instructed me to set up a sign-board at each end of that part of the road-bed which was being thus used, prohibiting, under his order, teams from travelling on the road-bed, or dump, as it was usually called. So, following his instructions, I had these sign-boards put up. One of them, the westerly one, was close to my camp.

Shortly before this time, Van Horne had gone to the coast, via the States, to inspect the work being done on the Onderdonk contract, and was now continuing his way eastward through the mountains, inspecting the work being done under Ross. Ross had gone to meet Van Horne, and one evening I saw him, from my camp, return with him in a two-horse rig, something like a buckboard. I saw the team leave the tote-road and head for the dump. It stopped a second at the incline leading on to the dump while the travellers glanced at the sign-board. Then, regardless of Armstrong's prohibition, the team got up on the dump and sped along at a brisk trot on the way to headquarters at The Summit.

Whether or not I reported to Armstrong this defiance of his orders, I do not remember.

Men were constantly arriving from the east to work on the construction of the railway; and finding places for them was the job of Bob Woods. He apportioned them among the different contractors in accordance with their requirements in the way of men.

But he didn't just send the men to the jobs he had

thus assigned them. He first marshalled them all together at headquarters, and accompanied them on horseback on their tramp over the tote-road, leaving some at one camp and some at another, until all had been given a place.

To see him riding along the tote-road with his company—like a general in command of an army—was a familiar sight. He was a well-known character, and was frequently spoken of as the *Dago driver.*

Moving about as he did from one end of the work to the other, he got the latest news of the different camps; and usually had a story to tell on someone. But we also heard stories from others in which the joke was on him.

One of these stories was told me by Griffith who, being in Armstrong's camp, was in a good position to know what was going on. This story was, that Bob Woods and George Kerr—a brother-in-law of Ross—were escorting Dr. Orton's two young daughters on horseback along the tote-road, on some jaunt or other, when they met Ross—on horseback too. He stopped them abruptly, and enquired what they were doing there. He broke up the party, and sent Woods and Kerr away to attend to their work, with the remark, "I'll look after the ladies."

Later in the year Griffith was taken sick, and was laid up for some time. When convalescing, he had a visit one day from two of his particular chums. One was his cousin Teddy Williams; and it was he who told me what took place on this visit.

Griffith was sitting up in his cot having a meal when the visitors arrived. They were smoking their pipes at the time and continued to smoke. But Griffith did not seem to appreciate tobacco smoke as an accompaniment to his meal. So he dryly remarked, "Excuse me *eating* when you're *smoking.*" This hint was enough. Out went the pipes.

As contractors and engineers got finished with the work on their particular sections, they moved their camps and outfits to new scenes farther ahead to commence work again on new contracts. The way this moving worked out was like a game of leapfrog over all; for the camp which was to the rear, being generally the first one ready to move, was moved on ahead of all the others; and so on.

On the completion of the work on my section, my camp was the one to the rear, as all the engineers who had been behind me had by that time moved. I would therefore, in the ordinary course, have been moved to another section on the farthest outpost, to look after the grading there. But it was engineering work of a different kind that I was fated to undertake.

Beckler, an American, who had been engineer in charge of the bridges, with Fowler as his assistant, had resigned and returned to the States; and Fowler carried on in his stead for a time. But he was, shortly afterwards, stricken with typhoid or mountain fever, of which he died; and Armstrong called on me to fill the breach.

The bridge across Ottertail Creek had by this time been completed, and the track was nearing the 3rd crossing of the Kicking Horse. My first work on my new job was to lay out the bridge at this crossing. It was a comparatively low bridge extending across the Flats, on what had been Foster's section near its junction with mine. So I was able to attend to this work without having to move my camp. I may here mention that in going to this crossing, I had to pass Isaacs' camp, and, as he was preparing to move, I called to say good-bye. "The gentle landlord Dave" was in his usual cheerful mood. He presented me with his photograph, which I still have in an old album, and gave me a standing invitation to come and stay with him at his hotel at the Falls as his personal guest, as long as I wished. But the occasion never presented itself; nor did I ever see or hear of him afterwards.

Plans for the bridges were made by Doane and his assistants in their office at Headquarters. Duggan, who for some time had been topographer on Neilson's locating party, had now joined Doane's staff; and Thomson was still on the job.

The information on which these plans were based was supplied by each construction engineer, who gave the data as to length and height of the bridges required on his section. The contract for building the bridges was let to William MacKenzie, who hailed from Kirkfield, Ontario.

These bridges might all be classified according to their type: as pile bridges, trestles, and trusses. All were of wood, and, generally speaking, all had pile foundations. Those designated as pile bridges had no superstructure other than caps and stringers. They were usually low bridges.

The standard plan for both pile bridges and trestles provided for bents 15 feet apart; and 4 piles to the bent. My duty was to lay out on the ground the points at which piles were to be driven; and to see that the bridges were properly built by the contractor. After the piles were driven, I had to give what was called by the bridge carpenters, the *cut-offs*. This consisted of marking on one pile in each bent, the point at which the tops had to be cut off to form the base for the placing of sills, or caps. This giving of *cut-offs* involved considerable detail work, and calculation on the ground.

As soon as the bridge at the 3rd crossing of the Kicking Horse was finished—and also the small one over Porcupine Creek—I at once moved camp, to keep out of the way of the track-layers. I moved to a site between the 4th and 5th crossings, past Earle's camp and near to Keefer's on the next section. Keefer had been on the government surveys in the Yellowhead Pass, and in my

talks with him, he frequently spoke of the Tête Jaune Cache, and of his work there.

Corey's tunnel—so called after the name of the contractor—was on Keefer's section. The material through which it was being driven was blue clay, and it was causing him considerable worry by sliding and caving in. There was a cave-in when I was there, in which one of the workmen lost his life.

While the bridge at the 4th crossing was being built, I became well acquainted with Earle. His camp was close to the crossing, and we often got together of an evening. He had a younger brother with him, Sylvester Z. Earle. The letter Z stood for Zobieski, which was the middle name of both. But Earle always called this young brother—*Bick*. So it was as Bick Earle that he was known and called by everyone.

Earle also had, as rodman, W. Tye who many years afterwards, when the railway was in operation, became Chief Engineer.

On the completion of this bridge, the track was extended to a point near Corey's tunnel, which was but a short distance past my camp; and headquarters and supplies were moved there from Holt's Store. Establishing headquarters at this point made it a busy centre, and in a short time it had all the makings of a small town. This community was named after the explorer Palliser.

With the bridge at the 4th crossing completed, I had now to give my attention to the one at the 5th crossing. It was a fairly high bridge; and the main part of it was composed of two Howe trusses which were being framed in a yard at the newly established headquarters.

The site of this bridge lay beyond Corey's tunnel; and until this tunnel was completed track-laying was held up there for some time, with consequent delay in getting

material from the framing yard to the bridge site by rail.

So, I had a fairly long stay at Palliser (or rather I should say, at its suburbs) and I had an opportunity of meeting again a number of people I had last seen at Holt's Store. Among these were Doane, Duggan, and Thomson; Tom Holt, Curran, and Lukes the paymaster. Gordon —whom I had not met before—was the postmaster. Lukes paid out the cash; and Gordon issued postal money orders for much of it which was being sent east. Taking these two together, they performed, in a measure, the function of bankers for the workers.

One evening Bob Woods—the Dago Driver—came over and spent some time with me in my tent. He knew, as I have already said, all that was going on at every camp, and he told of these doings, with many elaborations, in a highly entertaining manner.

In the course of the evening, I showed him a photograph of our camp which I had just had taken by one of those itinerant photographers I have mentioned. The photograph shows a wintry scene; although it was not taken in winter, but some time in August. The wintry effect was due to one of those surprise snow flurries which may happen at any time, in the mountains. So on that account it may be regarded as a curiosity.

But that was not the feature in it that drew forth Woods' criticism. It was the ridiculous poses of the group: Stuart at the level, and Bright handling the transit; poses quite out of keeping with a picture of camp life, as the tent in the background proclaims it to be. But my pose is the most absurd of all. I am standing with a roll of profile paper in my hands, but instead of looking at it, I am looking skyward; and Woods, pointing to me in the photograph, enquired: "What rooster is this, praying?" He knew well enough who it was, but that was his way of taking a rise out of me.

As soon as the bridge at the 5th crossing was completed,

I moved camp to a point close to the tote-road several hundred feet above the road-bed of the railway, which kept close to the edge of the Kicking Horse.

By this time the camp had been enlarged by the addition of another tent to provide quarters for two pile inspectors, Dand, and Albro—a Halifax man—and two timekeepers: Haultain, and Martin. The duty of the pile inspectors was to see that the piles were according to specification, and that they were driven to proper resistance. The timekeepers kept record of the time taken in doing all extra work for which no specific price was provided in the contract. The contractor was paid for this on a *cost-plus* basis.

Coincident with this increase in the size of my camp, there was a change of cooks. The first cook I had, unfortunately became sick and had to leave. I have already stated that I did not remember his name; but in trying to recall it since, the name Harry Nash comes to my mind. As for the name of the cook I got in his place, I doubt if I ever knew it; for he was known by the nickname of "Montana Pete". Any man who had a nickname like that must have had a history. Be that as it may, he was a good cook, and proved to be quite a hustler when it came to moving camp.

When moving camp on this occasion, we had an exciting experience. As the team with our outfit was nearing the spot where I intended to pitch camp, the mules got balky, and ended by backing the wagon over the edge of the cliff. The wagon pulled the mules over with it, but by a lucky chance, it stuck against a large tree growing on the steep slope, some 40 or 50 feet below. But for this, it would in all likelihood have rolled on down to the river; and that would have been the end of the mules. The teamster, however, managed to get them unhitched from the wagon; badly skinned, but otherwise none the worse for their escapade.

But our camp outfit was scattered all over the slope.

"Montana Pete", however, rose to the occasion. He promptly set about searching among the wreckage for some cooking utensils and food, and had an open fire lit and a good meal served to all of us in record time.

After this meal, we hunted up our blankets, and as it was getting dark, we rolled up in them and went to sleep for the night, on any fairly level spot we could find on the slope. We were astir early in the morning, gathering up our belongings, and soon had the tents set up and the camp established at the only level spot we could find close to the tote-road.

The tote-road at this point followed closely along the route of the old pack trail known as the Golden Stairs, which the surveyors had used. In some places, it was just this pack trail widened to make it a wagon road. It wound in and out along the face of the slope which tops the almost sheer cliff, at the foot of which the waters of the Kicking Horse tumble in rapids over rocks and boulders, on their way to swell the less turbulent waters of the Columbia.

To avoid much heavy rock work along the face of this cliff, the railway crossed to the other side of the river at the 6th crossing. The bridge at this crossing was at the mouth of a tunnel, known as Muir's tunnel, built by Muir Brothers, the contractors.

Our camp was almost directly above this tunnel—some hundreds of feet—so we had some fairly stiff climbs to make in connection with the bridge building which we looked after from this camp. Besides the 6th crossing, there were a number of fairly large trestle and pile bridges, over tributaries of the Kicking Horse, between the 5th and 6th crossings. And we had also the 7th crossing, where the railway crossed back again to the right bank of the river.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of the 7th crossing that Holt had his contract. The material was, for the greater part, solid rock, and in part of this there was a

tunnel. The construction engineer on this section was Bryant, an American with much experience in mountain construction on the Union Pacific Railway. Owing to the heavy nature of the work on this section, he had an assistant engineer named Sheldon, also an American.

My next move was to the Columbia valley, a short distance past Holt's camp, in the vicinity of what is now the town of Golden. I have no distinct recollection of making this move, but I clearly remember my first night in camp there. I missed the rhythmic sound of the tumbling waters of the Kicking Horse, to which I had unconsciously become accustomed; and the stillness of the Columbia was such a contrast that I had great difficulty in going to sleep that night.

Our camp was close to the log house in which Walter Moberly had spent a winter when employed by the government in making exploratory surveys for the railway. This house thus came to be known as the Moberly House.

Chisholm, the construction engineer on this section, was now using it as his quarters. I had met him at The Summit, at the time of our arrival there in the spring, so he was not a stranger to me. As our camps were now close together, I spent some pleasant evenings with him.

As a reminder of the time I spent at that camp, I have a photograph of Moberly House. It shows Chisholm and his party in front of the house, in the usual make-believe poses; Chisholm with his level, and Hodgins, his rodman, at the transit.

As to the work I did from this camp, my recollections are vague. As far as my memory serves me, the bridges I had to attend to were, for the most part, pile bridges over tributaries of the Columbia.

I ran across Holt here, and I well remember having quite a long talk with him. In the course of our conversation we got talking about Sheriff Redgrave, collector of poll tax for the British Columbia government. He was

an assiduous collector. But it was not that which brought him fame. It was his stories. He had the reputation of being a story-teller of the Baron Munchausen order. I had met him at one of my former camps; but I had not heard him tell any of his stories.

Holt, however, rehearsed one of these to me. I cannot pretend to give the details of that story; but the gist of it was that the Sheriff, one winter, was fleeing on skates along the edge of a lake, from a pack of wolves. The wolves were about to grab him when, by rare good luck, he came across some men hoeing potatoes.

Here the story as retold by Holt ends. The Sheriff's stories, although of different adventures of his, were all much on the same pattern; there was always some inconsistent climax to give the lie to the tale. This was the first time I had known of Holt in the role of story-teller; and it is doubtless this story that has left this particular meeting with him so firmly fixed in my memory.

My next move was to the first crossing of the Columbia. About the same time construction headquarters were moved from Palliser to that vicinity too, and formed the nucleus of the town which sprang up there—later known as Donald.

The telegraph operator at this point was Jack Little, whom I had previously met in Calgary. He was a highly original character, and had his own inimitable way of expressing himself. In his spare moments, he wrote articles for *The Calgary Herald,* descriptive of people and their doings in this neighbourhood.

The bridge to be built across the Columbia was the principal one which engaged my attention at this camp. It was a two-truss bridge and the piles for the pier connecting these trusses were driven from a scow, which was attached to a cable stretched across the river.

One day, while I was watching the piles being driven, I saw, approaching the cable, a raft floating down stream,

with a man and a camp outfit on it. It was quite evident that this raft would get entangled with the cable, which hung low close to the water. The pile-driver crew shouted to the man on the raft to look out. Too late! The raft swept under the cable, and passed on, but minus the passenger and cargo. For the cable caught the camp outfit and sheered it right off the raft. It caught the man too, but he hung on to it. With both hands gripping the cable, and one leg over it, he gave an exhibition of some rather odd gymnastics as he bobbed up and down in his struggles, half immersed in the water.

When finally rescued from his plight by the men on the scow, he turned out to be Greer, one of the sub-contractors whom I had already met and knew quite well. Having finished a contract, he was moving his outfit to the mouth of the Beaver River where he expected to get another job. He thought that floating by raft would be the cheapest way to get there. But he hadn't calculated on the hazard of encountering a cable on the way.

Some of his outfit was salvaged, but how much I cannot say. One thing, however, was certain. He got a cold dip, for the season was well advanced, and there was ice floating down the Columbia at the time.

There were quite a number of smaller bridges which I had to lay out from this camp. When these, and the bridge over the Columbia were completed, I moved camp to Quartz Creek, a tributary of the Columbia, a few miles from the mouth of the Beaver River.

My memory as to what work I did from this camp is rather faulty. There was, I know, a low pile bridge across Quartz Creek; and there were doubtless other bridges of much the same type.

When on this section of the work, I met Mahood, one of the construction engineers. He had had a wide and varied experience. In the early 1860's, he was on a survey

for a telegraph line across Siberia, to establish telegraphic communication between Europe and America. This was before the Atlantic cable had been laid. But when that cable was eventually laid, the company, or group of financiers sponsoring the telegraph line via Siberia and Russia, abandoned this project. Mahood had many interesting tales to tell of his Siberian experiences.

When the time came to move camp from Quartz Creek, winter had definitely set in. Two teams with sleighs arrived at camp one evening, and stayed the night to be ready to move the camp in the morning. It was a very cold night, and the temperature—according to current talk the next day—dropped to 40 degrees below zero. I had no thermometer, so cannot say whether that was, or was not, the right temperature. At any rate, it was cold enough to believe it was 40 below.

I offered to make room in the camp, for the night, for the two teamsters. But they said there was no need to do that; they were accustomed to sleeping out. So they passed the night in their sleighs, rolled up in their blankets.

The taking down of the cook's tent in the morning was no simple job. For the steam from the cooking had frozen the canvas into stiff sheets of ice. However, we got the tent packed up somehow; and we moved camp to a site on the left bank of the Beaver River a few miles from its mouth, that is to say, from its junction with the Columbia. This junction point later became known as Beavermouth.

Before setting up the tents at this new camping ground, we had first to clear from the site for each tent some two feet of snow; like excavating the cellar for a house before starting to build it. When the tents were set up, we packed this snow round the sides. This was quite a help in keeping out the cold.

We were camped here, however, only temporarily, pending the completion of a log house which was being

built for us as our winter quarters. After a week or two, the house was completed, and we moved into it a short time before the end of the year.

In the interval I spent considerable time checking measurements at the sites of two large bridges—Mountain Creek, and Cedar Creek—and familiarizing myself with them, as the laying out and superintending the building of these bridges was to be my work for the winter.

At some time during the winter, the community at Donald was considerably stirred by an escapade in which some members of the headquarters staff located there had, unwittingly, got themselves involved.

As the story goes, paymaster Lukes and others of the different staffs, among whom was G. H. Duggan, were tobogganing one moonlit evening on the banks of the Columbia, which by that time was frozen over. When so disporting themselves, they saw some men moving kegs across the river—whisky pedlars, evidently. Lukes was wearing a buffalo overcoat, similar to the coats worn by the North West Mounted Police; and the idea, it would seem, occurred to him to play a joke on these men and give them a good scare, by pretending to be a policeman. So he bore down on them, ordering them in the name of the law to stop. They evidently did take him for a policeman, for they fled, leaving their kegs on the ice.

What was done with these kegs is not clear. But the joke turned out to be on Lukes and the other members of the party. For, a few days later, a charge of stealing whisky was laid against them, and they were summoned to appear at court at Beavermouth, to answer to the charge.

I happened to be at Donald on the day they were leaving by train for Beavermouth, and I was returning by the same train. At the station, before the train left, I fell in with Jack Little, who, as I have already noted, had his own original way of expressing himself. He had

an odd grin which spoke volumes as he remarked to me, "It looks as if our worthy paymaster would sleep in a dungeon to-night." He seemed to be highly tickled that he was not in that scrape. It was just the sort of scrape it would have surprised no one to find him in.

On the train there was also Bob Woods. He amused us by his sallies of good-natured banter of the alleged law-breakers. They had, at the beginning of the journey, taken their places in the caboose. But, as the day was fairly warm, for a winter day, and the sun shone brightly, they came out and joined those of us who were in the open on a flat car. "That's right, boys," said Woods as they appeared, "take all the fresh air you can get *now*."

At the trial, which was by jury, the charge of stealing whisky was not pressed. But the prosecuting lawyer fought hard to get them convicted on the charge of misrepresentation, in pretending to be officers of the law. The jury, however, acquitted them, much to the delight of their friends.

At the time Armstrong called on me to take charge of the bridges nothing was said about George Ellison who—as I was to learn later—was my Chief on that work. So I had gone ahead and assumed full charge.

I had moved camp at least once, or possibly twice, before I met, or even knew of Ellison, and learned that it was he that held the position of engineer in charge of bridges, and that my position was just that of his assistant.

Naturally, I resented this, for it was quite different from what I had been led to believe. But I got over that feeling and carried on as I had begun—Ellison notwithstanding—just as if I were actually in full charge. And to this, Ellison offered no objection.

He had been with Ross before, on the Credit Valley Railway, or on other railway construction work in Ontario, of which Ross had been in charge.

He was considerably older than I was—old enough, in

fact, to have been my father. He was staid, and easygoing, but with a lively sense of humour. He generally kept himself around Headquarters, and it was only occasionally that he appeared at my camp. I do not remember ever getting instructions from him. It was from Ross himself that I got my instructions; which would indicate that it was I, not Ellison, whom he held responsible for the work.

In our camp, Ellison was spoken of—with Youth's conception of a middle-aged person—as "Old Man Ellison". He, on the other hand, when about to make some confidential remark to me, would address me as "Bone, old man". This placing of the qualifying words *old man,* after, instead of before the name, has an altogether different significance.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

Mountain Division

Office of Manager of Construction

[redacted] 25th May 1884

List of Provisions for Construction Camp for 1 Month

2 Sacks Flour	1 Pocket Salts
125 lbs Bacon	1/2 lb Pepper
65 lbs Ham	1/4 lb Mustard
1/2 Barrel Corned Beef	10 Bars Soap
20 lbs Sugar	12 lbs Wax Candles
10 lbs Tea	1 Quarter Gross Matches
5 lbs Coffee	1/2 Doz Mixed Pickles
1 Keg Syrup	1 Case Tomatoes
30 lbs Oatmeal	6 lbs Cheese
25 lbs Beans	1 Pail Butter
12 lbs Split Peas	1 Pail Lard
25 lbs Dried Apples	6 lbs Currants
12 lbs Baking Powder	1 Box Raisins
1 Package Heart Cake	1 Doz Jam
20 lbs Rice	1 " Pears
1 lb Tea	1 " Canned Milk
	1 Case " Apples
	1 " Plums

List of Provisions for Construction Camp for One Month

Chapter X

MOUNTAIN DIVISION C. P. R. 1885

I WAS ONE of a number of engineers who joined in ushering in the New Year by a celebration at Foster's winter quarters, on the left bank of the Beaver River. This took the form of a midnight supper, in which—including rodmen and chainmen—some twelve or more took part.

To provide the liquid refreshment for this party, each engineer brought a bottle with him, containing either whisky or rum, or some other concoction—all most likely of questionable quality. But whatever the quality, it got well concealed in a brew which Foster set about making, as each one on his arrival handed him his bottle.

I can yet see his amused smile, as he proceeded to decant the contents of the bottles which Stuart and I brought, into a large tin basin, bottomed well with hot water and lemon.

It was as a cocktail before supper that we sampled this potent mixture—which might aptly be called the "Foster Cocktail". Each one ladled his own, with a tin cup, from the ample supply in the reservoir.

Foster and his rodman Hill were excellent hosts. At supper, Foster as chairman and toastmaster, proposed a toast to each of the countries represented at that gathering: Canada, United States, England, Scotland, Wales, India, and Australia. Some of these had more than one representative.

I was the sole Scot. Foster was a Canadian; Hill an

American. The toasts to India and Australia were each responded to by an Englishman; India by Stuart, who was born there; Australia by Stoess, who had been engaged in engineering there before coming to Canada. I am uncertain about the others.

In responding to the toast to India, Stuart emphatically expressed his objection to the implication underlying that toast, that because he happened to have been born in India, he must necessarily be an Indian. Stoess, on the other hand, made no demur at being called an Australian. He was just, he admitted—to use his own expression—an *"a-bory-jine from the anti-poads"*. And that name stuck to him.

Everyone in turn had a toast to reply to. No one, however, distinguished himself by his oratory. Speech-making was not their strong point. Moreover, each speaker, trying his hardest to say something brilliant, had to run the gauntlet of good-natured chaff from the others. But that gave us all the more fun.

This party may well be said to have been unique. For, here was a gathering of young men who, but a short time before, did not even know of each other's existence. Now, they were just like members of one large family, co-operating loyally with each other in the part assigned them in the building of the railway.

So, when the party broke up in the early hours of the morning, it was with a rousing cheer, and a hearty "Hurrah for the C.P.R."

The location of the railway in the Selkirks up Roger's Pass to the summit, presented an aspect in striking contrast to that of the location from the Kicking Horse Flats to Beavermouth. The railway in that section, as already shown, kept close to the river, crossing and re-crossing it, wherever necessary to get the most economical location; and the tote-road, in general, rose high above it—particularly at the Golden Stairs. But in the Selkirks, it was

the railway that, after having once crossed the Beaver River, rose above both it and the tote-road; in some places as high as from 200 to 300 feet.

In thus climbing the Selkirks, the railway had to cross a number of deep gulches cut in the mountain side by tributaries of the Beaver; and it was over these gulches that the largest and highest bridges were required. As these bridges were situated widely apart, and were all to be built during the winter about the same time, it was not practicable for one engineer to look after them all. So this work was apportioned among three.

On my section, in addition to the bridges over Mountain Creek and Cedar Creek, I had a number of smaller ones—including the one over the Beaver. Stoess had charge of the bridge over Surprise Creek and Swan the one over Stoney Creek, some 300 feet high—the highest of all.

Close to the railway bridge over the Beaver, there was another bridge of an entirely different type. It was a pack-trail bridge consisting simply of three logs pinned together, and spanning a narrow gorge of the river. Over it the pack-horses of the locating engineers had crossed back and forth when the line was being located. Although no longer in use, this unique relic was then still existing; and I made a sketch of it which I added to my collection.

The log house which served as my winter camp was situated between Mountain Creek and Cedar Creek, and was close to the tote-road. It served its purpose well, for we passed the winter in it most comfortably. Ellison, too, appreciated it for he became a frequent visitor, and often stayed overnight.

Mountain Creek bridge was 1,200 feet long and 150 feet high. It was the largest of all the bridges in regard to the amount of timber required to build it. It consisted of a central span of 150 feet, flanked at each end

by two smaller truss spans of 30 feet each; and by a number of trestle and pile bents 15 feet apart. On the approaches at each end, the ground was of gentle slope; so there was no difficulty in laying out this work.

But it was quite a different story at Cedar Creek. Although this was a much smaller bridge—one span of 100 feet, and 100 feet high—the approaches were steep rocky cliffs, and the laying out of the work involved the use of a rope in climbing these cliffs. On one occasion. Stuart and I were standing on a ledge clinging to the rope, when a big chunk of hardened snow thundered down on top of us. It knocked us off our perch and sent us sliding down the rope at lightning speed to the ground below.

One bright, sunny day when I was returning by myself to camp from Cedar Creek, I witnessed a peculiar phenomenon. As I walked along, the leaves on the trees suddenly took on a most unnatural hue; and there was a stillness in the air which gave me a feeling of awe. I was at a loss to account for this phenomenon until I looked up at the sun, and saw that it was undergoing an eclipse; a partial one, it turned out to be.

I was quite unaware that an eclipse was to take place that day; so I may rightly claim to have discovered it by myself.

Two events of more than local interest took place in the spring that year.

One was a strike of the workmen which had far-reaching effects. Although this was called a strike, it was not a strike in the ordinary meaning of that word. The men did not strike for higher wages, nor for better conditions of living. They simply struck for payment of wages they had earned, which were long overdue. This revealed the critical financial position to which the railway company had been reduced.

The men were unpaid because the company did not have the money to pay the contractors; and the contractors consequently couldn't pay the men the wages which were due to them.

The men quit work at the camp at the farthest outpost of the section of the railway then under construction; and set out on a march to the End of Track, then near Beavermouth. On the way, they gathered to their cause the men in the camps of the other contractors. So, by the time they reached Mountain Creek, they formed an imposing body.

Track-laying, which had been suspended for the winter, was about to be started again, and the carpenters were busy at work on the top of the bridge, in an effort to get it completed by the time the track reached that point. The strikers were massed on the ground below; and they called on the carpenters to stop work and come down off the bridge. But this the carpenters refused to do. They were in no way minded to join in the strike.

One of the strikers, however, hit on a way to compel them to stop work. I saw him take an axe and cut the rope in the block-and-tackle arrangement by which material was being hoisted. Down dropped the load with a crash. So, for lack of material the carpenters could do no work. They still, however, remained on the bridge.

R. Balfour, manager for Mackenzie, the bridge contractor, was standing beside me at the time, and he asked me to come with him to his office and talk over what should be done. I went with him; but we had no time to discuss the situation before the strikers came milling around. Their spokesman evidently didn't particularly like his job, for the crowd kept pushing him toward us. Finally, he faced us as we were standing outside the office. There was a moment of tense silence which he broke by stating in no uncertain terms, that he wanted it understood that there was to be no work done on the

bridge until the men got paid. Balfour replied that that might be all very well for them; but the contractor, he said, was liable to a heavy penalty if he delayed the track-laying. "*You* stop work on the bridge," the spokesman shot back, "and *we'll* look after the track." There was nothing more to be said, so Balfour yielded and called the carpenters off the bridge.

The strikers continued their march to Beavermouth where, according to all accounts, they had a wild time. It required the utmost efforts of the Mounted Police under Major Steele—ably supported by Sergeant Fury—to restore order. George Hope Johnston, then a British Columbia Police Magistrate, read the Riot Act. He was afterwards a well-known citizen of Calgary.

But the strike, after all, was to the advantage of the railway company. It brought to the attention of the Dominion Government, beyond any doubt, the serious plight of the company. Without assistance from the government the railway could not be completed. And assistance to an extent which assured its completion was promptly given. We learned shortly afterwards that a pay-car was on its way with sufficient money to pay the legitimate claims of the men. But this news did not make them return to work immediately. They wanted their pay first, and refused to work until they did get it.

I remember hearing one of the contractors, Donald D. Mann—usually spoken of as Dan Mann—address the men in an endeavour to get them to go back to work. He stressed the fact that a pay-car was on its way, and that they would be paid as soon as it arrived, but they stood by their guns. They were through with promises It was their pay they wanted.

However, the pay-car did turn up, and the men got paid, and they returned to work. Thus happily ended the strike.

Then came the Riel Rebellion. It did not affect, to

any great extent, the work of construction in the mountains. It did, however, much reduce the police force; for the greater part of the men in this force—among whom was Ralph Bell—left with Steele to take part in quelling the rebellion.

These men formed the nucleus of what was afterwards known as Steele's Scouts, a body which won recognition for its highly efficient and effective work.

After the defeat of Riel, Steele and his men returned to the mountains, and resumed their police duties as before.

When Mountain Creek bridge was practically completed, Ross came along, and I accompanied him on the bridge on his usual thorough inspection of the work. There were some planks of the staging underneath the deck, still in place. Seeing these, he wanted to get down to them to make some inspection there. To do this he squeezed his body through the deck between the ties. But he could get no further. He looked up to me and laughed; and said he couldn't get his head through. It may seem odd that he could get his body through a space that was too narrow for his head. But that was how he was built; a slim body, but a large head.

There were no great difficulties encountered in the location of the railway to the summit, in the Selkirks. But getting down on the western slope was a problem which Sykes, with a party in the field, had for some time been endeavouring to solve. And he succeeded. He located a line which came to be known as the Loop.

I do not know what Sykes' full initials were, but I have a recollection of having heard him called "Sammy Sykes".

This line consisted of a series of loops winding back and forth across a number of streams, until it had got down to, practically, the level of the Illicilliwaet River.

It was to the Loop that I made my next move. This move meant abandoning our comfortable log house, and getting back into tents. But that didn't trouble us in the least. It was all in our job.

There were five bridges—mostly fairly high trestles—comprised in this series of loops. One was near to Glacier over Glacier Creek, a tributary of the Illicilliwaet. Two were over another tributary, Ross Creek; and two were over the Illicilliwaet. Most of these bridges were on curves.

The scenery as viewed from our camp, at the lower end of the Loop, appealed to me to make some sketches. The mountains too, towering above, called on us to climb them.

So, one Sunday, Stuart and I set out to climb the one which was closest to our camp. It was a hard climb, as a great part of the way was through burned fallen timber. But we got to the top, and were glad to sit down there and rest, and eat our lunches consisting of some sandwiches which we had carried in our pockets. When so engaged, I started to read the piece of newspaper in which my lunch had been wrapped. The first sentence which caught my eye was to this effect: "If you want a real good glass of beer, go to So-and-So's bar". I could well have enjoyed a good glass of beer; but the bar, alas, was far away.

Descending was even harder than the climb had been; for we took a short cut which led us through a more entangled part of the fallen timber. Thus we arrived at camp with torn clothes and blackened legs, much in need of a bath.

Bears were often seen on the mountain slopes which had been swept clear of timber by snowslides. These were cinnamon bears. Stuart and I frequently went out on these slopes in the hope of being lucky enough to

shoot one. But we never got near enough to a bear to do this. I took a shot at one at long range on a venture. The bullet must have hit him; for he fell back on his haunches. But after a few moments, he picked himself up and went off into the bush; and nothing more was seen of him.

The building of the bridges comprised in the Loop went ahead at a rapid pace; and so did the laying of the track. It kept close on the heels of the bridge carpenters. At one of these bridges, I remember seeing the track-layers commence laying the track at one end, just as the carpenters were finishing their work at the other.

G. H. Duggan was with me at this camp for a short time. There was also another Duggan whom I met frequently on this work. This was Con. Duggan. He was then timber inspector for the railway company; so I was closely associated with him. Some years later, he became well known in Calgary where he played a prominent part as one of the leading men in the P. Burns Company.

From the Loop I moved camp to a point near one of the company's Stores, generally spoken of as Neilson's Store. W. G. Neilson, a younger brother of Matthew Neilson, had charge of it. I had met him at Medicine Hat, but since then, he was always so much farther to the front than I was, that I did not see him again until I made this move. Now, I had at last caught up with him, and I was delighted to renew my acquaintance with him.

There was a bridge across the Illicilliwaet to be built there; and a few smaller ones. But none of these took long to build. So I very soon had to move again.

My move this time was to Albert Canyon, so named, it was said, after Albert Rogers, a nephew of Major

Rogers. He had been assistant to the Major in his exploratory surveys.

The railway, at a point near the Canyon, had to cross the Illicilliwaet again, on a fairly high truss bridge. It was decided, however, to first build a temporary pile bridge to be replaced by the truss later.

When we were starting to build this temporary bridge, T. K. Thomson—whom I have already frequently mentioned—appeared on the scene, immaculately dressed, white shirt and all. He was on his way to a picnic, or other outing, which it seems those on the staffs at Headquarters were from time to time privileged to indulge in, with their wives and female relatives.

The pile-driving crew had just got their staging for the pile-driver finished. This consisted of logs stretched across the river. These logs were newly peeled, and consequently were very slippery. But Thomson didn't stop to consider this. He had to cross the river and no doubt considered himself in luck at finding a means of doing this, conveniently placed there at his disposal. So he confidently strode on to one of these logs. The result was no surprise to me, but it certainly was to Thomson. He flopped into the river, with one leg dangling over the log and both hands holding on to it; and his body completely immersed. He gave quite a gymnastic exhibition in his efforts to free himself from his predicament. Finally he succeeded; and stood on the bank dripping wet. Then he stripped himself and wrung his clothes. When wringing his shirt, he held it up and remarked to me, with a grin: "Look at the boiled shirt, will you?" Whether he got to his picnic or not I never heard.

The river bed at this crossing was full of large boulders, which made the driving of piles almost impossible. To add to this difficulty, wet weather had set in, and the Illicilliwaet became a raging torrent. Just as the bridge was about to be completed, it was swept away. So the

work had to be done all over again. This time, fortunately, it withstood the torrent; and the train passed over.

After this, I moved camp to a site a few miles from Twin Butte; close to Skenk's camp. Skenk was an American, and was the engineer in charge of the grading on that section.

Apart from his special engineering qualifications, Skenk was noted for his neat penmanship. His figures and letters were very small, but perfectly distinct.

He had had as his assistant an engineer named McKay, a highly capable mathematician; but more at home in an office figuring out intricate calculations, than in practical work in the field. He had some difference with Skenk, and Skenk discharged him.

I knew McKay well, having frequently met him, and found him a most interesting man to talk with. So, when leaving, he called at my camp and told me that Skenk had discharged him. He also told me that he had written to Skenk telling him what he thought of him. In this letter, he said, he told him that "his soul was like his figures, small; but readable".

There was quite a large trestle bridge to be built at Twin Butte. As it happened to be on Skenk's section, it was he who had made the bill of timber required for its construction, according to a standard plan for trestles with which he had been furnished.

I found out, however, on my first visit to the site of this bridge that, in making this bill of timber Skenk had followed the standard plan too closely. It needed some modification to make it fit with the conditions on the ground.

But in order to let the carpenter foreman—Bucknam—get a start and carry on for a few days while I amended the bill of timber, I laid out sufficient work that would not be affected by any change I might make in Skenk's bill.

The following day I was in my tent figuring out what changes it would be necessary to make in the plan and in the bill of timber. It happened to be a pouring wet day, and I had the entrance to the tent closed and drawn tight. I heard someone outside trying to open it. So I got up and opened it myself; and was confronted by Ross. "This is no doubt a comfortable tent to be in, Bone, and carpenters waiting at Twin Butte for a plan of the bridge," was the astounding greeting he gave me.

Having delivered this thrust, he was about to leave. But, like Jacob in his wrestle with the Angel, I was in no mind to let him go until he was in a better humour with me. So I got him to come in and see for himself the tangle I was endeavouring to straighten out. I told him the carpenters were *not* waiting for a plan of the bridge; and that I had been there the day before, and had laid out work enough to keep them going for some time. I showed him both the standard plan and the bill of timber. He examined them carefully and then abruptly demanded:

"Who made out this bill of timber?"

"Skenk."

"Damn!"

This expletive was evidently comprehensive enough to express all he had to say; for he left immediately, apparently quite satisfied to leave the matter with me.

The following day I went to Twin Butte, on the war-path myself. I had hitherto found Bucknam to be capable and reliable, and I was at a loss to know why he had told Ross that he was waiting for a plan of the bridge. When I put this question to him, his reply was: "I didn't tell him I was waiting for a plan of the bridge; he asked to see the plan, and I told him I hadn't got one."

This is a striking example of how misunderstandings arise. The mere fact that Bucknam hadn't a plan of the bridge, evidently led Ross to conclude that I was at fault

in not having furnished him with one; and that until I did so, the work would be at a standstill.

However, all misunderstandings were now over, and the bridge was built without delay; and as nearly as practicable to the standard plan.

At this camp there was an interesting meeting of East and West. An engineer who had finished his work on the Onderdonk contract, and was making his way east, called at my camp and had a meal with us. The conversation turned to the subject of scenery; and our guest—whose name I cannot now recall—remarked that he had been told that the farther east one went in the mountains, the more beautiful became the scenery. I answered by saying that we had been told quite the contrary; that the finest scenery was to be found the farther one went west. The old proverb: Far-off fields look green.

The scenery at this point, however, was equal to any in the Rockies; not so grand perhaps, but softer. At any rate, it appealed to me so much that I made some sketches of it. Bell-Irving happened to call at the camp about this time, and he accompanied me and sketched the same scenes.

East met West at this camp on another occasion. A packer with provisions from the coast—which he was endeavouring to sell—called at the camp and displayed his wares. Among them were some large Spanish onions which appealed to my gastronomic taste. I had not the ready cash to pay for them, but he was willing to accept canned peaches in exchange. So I traded a case of these for a sack of his onions. The onions at that time were a much greater treat to us all in camp than the peaches.

About this time, Lord Landsdowne, then Governor-General of Canada, paid a visit to the Mountains, and I

saw him riding along the tote-road with his retinue, escorted by a guard of Mounted Police.

The embryo town of Farwell (now known as Revelstoke) gave him a great reception. Each side of the street—there was only the one—was lined with fairly large-sized tops of spruce trees stuck in the ground. This gave the appearance of trees actually growing.

That was how Farwell looked as I first saw it, when I camped in the neighbourhood after moving from Twin Butte. It was the headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, under Major Steele—better known in after years as Colonel Steele. It was the headquarters also of Police Magistrate George Hope Johnston. I had met Steele before, at Medicine Hat; but it was at Farwell that I first met Johnston.

From Farwell, I moved to a point on the other side of the Columbia near the camp of Ross and McDermid, contractors for a portion of the grading.

There were a few fairly large trestle bridges on this section, but no great difficulty was met with in building them.

I next moved to a neck of land between Victor Lake and Three Valley Lake, on which G. H. Duggan was also camped. He was in charge of a section of the grading along the shore of Three Valley Lake. But his work by that time was practically completed.

Tye had charge of the adjoining section, and his camp was quite close to ours too. His work also was almost completed. He was convalescing from an attack of mountain fever, and was not very fit to do much work, as yet. He, however, had Lewis as his assistant to take over the burden of the work.

Parenthetically, I may here note that there were two engineers of the name of Lewis. But I cannot distinguish between them by their initials; for these have quite

escaped my memory—if I ever knew them at all. But that is not to be wondered at, seeing that, in general, everyone was called by his surname, without any qualifying Christian name, or initials.

The Lewis who was with Tye was the one whom I have already mentioned for his good water colour sketches.

With these three camps close together, we had an interesting reunion; and many stories to tell of our experiences.

I was now on my last lap; and I could already see the end. The bridges I had to look after were for the most part small. The last of these was over the Eagle River, the outlet of Three Valley Lake. On its completion the way was clear for the final act, in linking by rail, on Canadian soil, the Atlantic with the Pacific; generally spoken of as "Driving the last spike".

I was not present at that ceremony. I was too busily engaged, as were the other engineers, in packing up and getting ready to leave.

We carefully looked over the clothing in our dunnage bags, and picked out what we thought was the most respectable to travel in; and discarded the rest.

A coat which Duggan had discarded caught my eye. It was made of bottle-green corduroy, and looked to me much better than the coat that I had. So I picked it up and put it on. It was thus in Duggan's cast-off coat that I travelled east.

We packed up the tents and camp outfit, and placed them at a point beside the track, where it had been arranged that a work train would stop and pick us up, with all our baggage. We were waiting there all ready to help to load. But the train, to our amazement, passed without stopping. We were left stranded.

We, however, made the best we could of the situation. Tye's camp was still there. It was a wooden building,

and we spent the night in it. How we finally got to Farwell with our dunnage bags and field instruments, still puzzles me. But we got there somehow. The tents and camp outfit, however, were left behind.

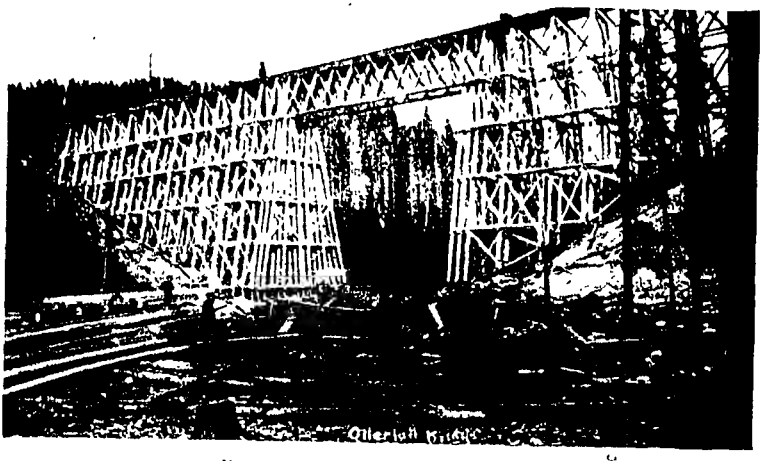
For some time past I had made up my mind to visit my old home in Scotland, on completion of my work with the C.P.R. I had heard from Mather that he too purposed spending the winter in Scotland. So we arranged to meet in Toronto; and then cross the ocean together.

On my arrival at Farwell, I learned from Ellison that a few engineers were to be retained in the mountains during the winter to observe the effects of snowslides, to get data that would be of value in the construction of snowsheds—work which the company would in all likelihood start in the spring. He told me that I could be one of these engineers if I wished. The offer was tempting; but I decided to forego it, and trust to my getting a position on this work on my return from overseas in the spring.

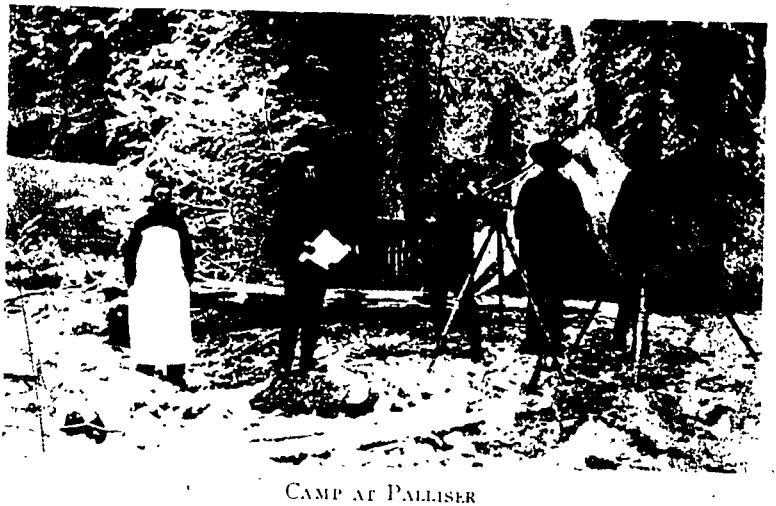
I called on Ross in his car to say good-bye. He was beaming all over, happy at having successfully accomplished a great work.

On my journey east, I stopped a day at Calgary; and was greatly struck with the growth it had made since I last saw it in the spring of 1884. W. T. Ramsay asked me to stay the night with him in his bachelor quarters; and it was there that I first met that grand Old Timer, Tom Christie, with whom Ramsay was then sharing his quarters. We had a great evening.

From Calgary I continued my journey; and when the train stopped for a few minutes at Regina, I learned that Riel—the leader in the recent Rebellion—had been hanged there that day. This would be about the middle of November.



Bridge Over Ottertail Creek



Camp at Palliser

I spent a day at Winnipeg, and from there continued my way without any further stops, to Toronto. On my arrival there, I went to my friends, the Erskines, with whom I had left my trunk, containing some fairly decent clothes. I certainly needed a change of clothing, for, according to Mrs. Erskine, I was a tough-looking sight. But with the change of clothes, followed by a visit to a barber, I became fairly presentable.

Mather arrived a few days later, and we had a rare old time together. He had lots of stories of his experience in New Mexico to tell me; and I had lots to say about mine in the Mountains too.

We spent a week or ten days in Toronto, and then took the train to New York, where we made the round of a number of shipping offices, and finally took our passages on the *State of Nevada,* sailing for Glasgow.

The voyage was uneventful, but very pleasant. There were not many cabin passengers; just enough to fill the smoking-room comfortably, and get well acquainted with each other. They were mostly men from the West; and there was quite a competition as to who could tell the tallest story. Mather and I took a hand in this game too.

In my letters to my father I had said nothing about my coming visit to him. I was keeping that as a surprise until I got to Glasgow. On landing there I wrote telling him of my arrival, and that I would be in Girvan, at a specified train time, the following day. I spent the night in Glasgow with Mather, at his mother's home.

On my arrival at Girvan the next day, Father was at the railway station to meet me, and drive me home. Needless to say, this was a very happy moment for both of us.

It was then but a few days before Christmas; and Father and Robert had been invited by Aunt Wright to Christmas dinner at Dowhill. It had long been her

usual custom—which I well remember—to have us all together as a family party, at Christmas.

Father had evidently been quite pleased at the surprise I gave him; for he tried to pass the same surprise on to Aunt Wright. The day I arrived home with him, he wrote her saying that a visitor had just arrived to stay with him for some time; and that he was taking the liberty of bringing him to this Christmas party.

But Aunt was alive to the situation. She felt quite sure who this visitor must be. So she wrote back that had she known that the young man who was the visitor was now in this country, she would surely have included him in the invitation. But she told none of the other members of the family except my cousin Bryce. This was to be her surprise for the others.

I went to Dowhill by myself, ahead of Father and Robert, so as to have a good talk with Uncle and Aunt, and my cousins, before dinner. Bryce was the one I met first, outside playing with a dog. Having got the tip from his mother, he knew me all right. Then he took me in to see her. I shall never forget the motherly hug she gave me.

One by one the others appeared, and Bryce introduced me to them under some fictitious name. At first they were quite taken in. But gradually it seeped through their minds who I was. Then the laughter and fun which followed made a fitting overture to the dinner. Father and Robert arrived in due course. At dinner we were a merry party. I looked on it as an appropriate welcome home to me; and a fitting close to my experiences in 1885.

Chapter XI

MOUNTAIN DIVISION C. P. R., 1886

Construction of Snowsheds

DURING my visit to my old home, I got great pleasure from calling on all my old friends in the neighbourhood. I paid short visits too, to my numerous relatives at Ballantrae, Rothesay, Blairmore, Coatbridge, and Linlithgow. I also spent a few nights in Glasgow with various friends. My Uncle Hill was one of these. It was—it will be remembered—through the letters of introduction which he procured for me, to Mr. R. B. Angus, and to Mr. Duncan McIntyre, that I got my start in my profession in Canada. So he naturally was greatly interested in hearing of my experiences on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

When on this visit to Glasgow, I called at the office of Kyle, Dennison & Frew, with whom I had served my apprenticeship. I got a hearty welcome from both Mr. Dennison and Mr. Frew. They too were highly interested in hearing of my engineering experiences in Canada.

I returned to Canada early in the spring, accompanied, not by Mather this time—he was not leaving till later—but by my cousin Bryce Wright who was keen to try his hand at farming and ranching in the Canadian North West Territories.

We landed at Halifax, and proceeded to Chatham, New Brunswick, to spend a few days with our mutual cousins, Peter Turner and Peter Turner Wilson, both employed

by Mr. J. B. Snowball in his lumber business. This was a unique meeting. Four mutual cousins were here all met together for the first and only time. Three of us, in different combinations, had at times met before; but never the four.

Mr. Snowball was a member of parliament, and was then at Ottawa. But Mrs. Snowball entertained us whole-heartedly in his absence. She was a sister of Peter Turner's mother, so Peter was her nephew. Although the rest of us were in no way blood relatives of hers, she looked on us as her nephews too. She gave us all a most enjoyable time, pleasant memories of which I still cherish.

On reaching Montreal, I called at the offices of the C.P.R. to find out what the situation was regarding the construction of snowsheds in the Mountains.

This work, I was told, was going to be done; but would not commence till later, when the railway in the Mountains would be clear of snow. There was at that time still lots of snow about Montreal. So I decided not to wait, but to push on to Calgary with Bryce. But before leaving, I put in my application for a position on this work, giving Calgary as my address.

We stopped on the way for a few days at Toronto, to visit our relatives at Hornby. John Turner, the fourth son, had by that time reached an age when he had ambitions of starting out for himself, and taking advantage of the opportunities offered for farming and ranching in the West. So he made up his mind to go with us to Calgary.

I thus arrived in Calgary accompanied by these two cousins of mine. I was confident of getting work for myself on the snowsheds very soon, but I was anxious to get my cousins settled on land before I left them. I felt responsible for them, as it was largely on my repre-

sentations that they had come with me. I therefore joined with them in looking for land.

We found suitable homestead and pre-emption land, all in one section, in the Davisburg district some twenty miles south of Calgary. I decided to purchase the adjoining section, and go into partnership with them in their ranching venture; and thus have a home to go to when I might happen to be unemployed in engineering.

Having thus decided on our land, we lost no time in taking possession. We bought a team and a wagon which we loaded with some lumber, two tents, full camp outfit, and a stock of provisions; and set out on our journey. We had lunch at Sandy Watson's stopping place at Pine Creek, on the Macleod Trail.

At a short distance past Pine Creek, we got stuck in a mudhole. A man living close by, who told us his name was Ingram, kindly came to our rescue with his team, and pulled us out. But before he could do this, we had to unload our wagon of everything. By the time we had loaded up again, it was getting late in the day; and Ingram invited us to stay with him for the night. He and Mrs. Ingram entertained us most hospitably, and we passed a pleasant evening in their company. In the course of conversation, Ingram told us that a prairie fire had swept over the district in which our land lay; and that Thomas' haystack had been burned. But who this Thomas was, he didn't say. He evidently thought that we knew; and we did not enquire.

On the morning we proceeded on our way eastward over the blackened prairie, and pitched camp on an unburned patch at the edge of Snake Creek, a small tributary of the Bow River. This Creek ran through our land.

Early the following morning, a horseman dressed in the latest cowboy fashion, came galloping up to our camp. He got off his horse and peered into our tent, with a look as much as to say: "If you fellows give any

back talk I'll put a ball through you." He then let loose, in real Western language, against the fire which, he said, had burned his haystack—the still smouldering remains of which lay close by. His mentioning the haystack made it quite evident that he must be Thomas about whom Ingram had spoken to us. So Bryce Wright made the remark to him: "Oh, you'll be Mr. Thomas." "Well," he replied, "I'm generally known as "Thomas"; since I came to this country the *Mister* has gone all to blazes."

So that was how I first met R. C. Thomas. He had then a ranch on the bottom lands of the Bow River, at the mouth of Pine Creek, where he kept Bachelor Hall. In later years he became prominent in the business and municipal life of Calgary; and was dubbed with titles much more pretentious than the disparaged title of *Mister*. For a time he bore the title of Alderman; and is still to the fore as one of Calgary's live business men.

We decided to call our ranch "Ailsa Ranch", after the Marquis of Ailsa, on whose estate Bryce Wright and I had both been brought up. For our Brand, we adopted the letters "A. 1."; and for the name of our firm, "Bone, Wright, & Turner".

My stay at the ranch at this time was very short; for I received word, soon after we had got settled, to report for duty in the Mountains. So I had little time to get acquainted with our neighbours—other than the Ingrams, and Thomas. The few others that I did meet were Bill Andrews and Mrs. Andrews; T. S. C. Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and their large family of fine lively boys, and good-looking active girls.

The scene now shifts to the Mountains again. The work there this time was the construction of snowsheds in the Selkirks. J. H. Armstrong was Chief Engineer.

Under him were two division engineers: Sykes on the east slope; and Earle on the west.

It was with Sykes, as his assistant, that I was at first placed. Although I had heard often about him, this was the first time I met him, as during the construction of the railway he had always been far to the front, on location. Vindin was his other assistant. He was one of those who had spent the winter in the Mountains taking observations on snowslides.

On my arrival at this camp, I was agreeably surprised to find Griffith there too. He had left the previous year on account of his illness, and gone to his home in Wales to recuperate. He had now just returned, looking quite his old self again. His cousin, Teddy Williams, was also at this camp for a time; and these two made full use of this opportunity to keep up their native Welsh tongue. Griffith, however, shortly after my arrival, got moved to Armstrong's camp at The Summit, to resume his old position as Armstrong's chief assistant.

William Mackenzie was the contractor for the work on Sykes' division, with Tom Holt in charge of supplies; Ross and McDermid were the contractors on Earle's division, with W. G. Neilson in charge of their supplies.

The snowsheds were quite simple structures composed of heavy timbers. They had a sloping roof, corresponding to the slope of the ground at the site on which they were built, to allow the snowslides to sweep over them. So there was no great problem involved in building them.

As the railway, however, was now in operation, and trains were passing regularly to and from the coast, care had to be taken to keep the track—over which the snowsheds were being built—free from obstruction.

I well remember the particular care that had to be taken when the first train, with tea from the Orient for the New York market, passed through. This train had the right of way over all other traffic; and we were well forewarned of its coming. As we stood by the side of

the track on the look-out for it, it passed at express speed down grade on the eastern slope; with brakemen on top of the cars, holding on to the brakes; and the mountains re-echoing the siren sound of the engine whistle.

On another occasion, when the train on which Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada, was passing through the mountains, we saw him viewing the scenery from a seat fixed up for him on the cow-catcher in front of the engine. As the engine came puffing up grade, it was not going at anything like the speed of the tea train. So we were able to get a good close view of the distinguished traveller; and to note his facial expression. Facing the wind as he was, his eyelids kept up a continual blinking; and it is doubtful if he was really enjoying his ride.

After being on Sykes' division for some time, I was moved to Earle's division. Stoess was on that division too. He was in charge of the laying out of tanks and pipe-lines for a water supply to provide fire protection for the snowsheds. He was camped with Earle at the summit of the Selkirks.

I was stationed at Glacier; and for living quarters I was given a hand-car house in which two bunks were built, one for myself, and the other for my rodman, Tom Armstrong. He was no relation of our Chief, J. H. Armstrong. For meals we went to a standard passenger dining-car which stood on a siding at Glacier, pending the building of the Glacier Hotel. Passenger trains stopped at this siding while the passengers had their meals in the dining-car.

At this camp we had more in the way of social life than we had had in the past. There were a number of artists camped at Glacier, with whom I got well acquainted; and I had the opportunity of seeing their paintings of the surrounding scenery; and, at times, of watching them at work.

These artists were: Forbes, Bremner, and O'Brien, all Canadians; and J. A. Aitken from Glasgow, accompanied by Mrs. Aitken. He was brought there by Van Horne; and had his quarters provided by the railway company. We generally all got together in the evenings; and made a happy party.

When the building of the Glacier Hotel was sufficiently advanced to permit the use of the dining-room for concerts in the evening, we had many pleasant evenings there. Among the carpenters who were employed in the building of the hotel, there was good musical talent. So we all looked forward to these entertainments, which were held at least once a week. Aitken generally presided.

The building of the snowsheds proceeded under most favourable weather. In 1884, in the Kicking Horse section, we had heavy rains during the summer; but little or none in the fall. In 1885, in the Selkirks, it was dry in the summer; but very wet in the fall. Therefore, from our experience of the weather during these two years, we wondered whether, in 1886, we would have the rain in the summer, or in the fall. But the rains never came at all; it was practically dry the whole season.

In June, we heard of the burning of the town of Vancouver, which was then but a few months old. My work was so well advanced by that time, that I felt I might reasonably ask for a short holiday. This was readily granted; and I paid my first visit to the Pacific coast.

Port Moody was then the terminus of the railway. On my arrival there, one of my fellow-travellers with whom I had got acquainted on the way—but whose name I can't recall—introduced me to a gentleman who was standing on the platform. This gentleman happened to be Marcus Smith, one of the stalwarts among the engineers who had surveyed the line through the Yellow Head Pass. I was introduced to him as "one of the engineers on the con-

struction of the snowsheds". "If you had taken our route for the railway, you wouldn't have had to build any snowsheds, look you," was the prompt remark he made to me. This remark implied that I had been one of those who had changed the route. He was thus placing me on a high pedestal. But apart from this implication, the words "look you", with which he closed his remark, left no doubt in my mind as to his being Marcus Smith. For I had heard many stories about him from Griffith; and the key-note of these was his peculiar habit of continually interjecting in his talk the words "look you".

I pushed on from Port Moody to Vancouver, which was then, phoenix-like, arising out of the ashes. I put up at a hotel, at which I had the pleasant surprise of finding Balfour, who had been Mackenzie's manager on the construction of the bridges; and was now taking an active part in the management of this hotel. I learned from him that Henry Bell-Irving had opened an office in Vancouver, as an architect. So I went to see him, and found him busy in his office. He seemed to be doing pretty well, judging by the number of plans that lay on his table. In after years, however, he rose to much greater heights in the fish-canning business.

After a day or two in Vancouver—there was little to be seen there but burned stumps—I spent a few days in Victoria. From there I took a trip by boat to one of the newly started towns on Puget Sound, and spent a night with my cousin Peter Turner. He had by this time left Chatham, N.B. to try his luck in the West.

Among some of the people whom I met in Victoria, I found considerable misapprehension as to British Columbia's position in relation to Canada. In their view, it was a country entirely independent of Canada; and they would not acknowledge that they were Canadians.

One man with whom I got talking about the North West Territories remarked: "Canada must be a very

cold country, with all those blizzards it has." In pronouncing the word "blizzards", he accentuated the last syllable so strongly that he seemed to accentuate also his conception of the terrible cold in Canada.

On my return to Glacier, I found my artist friends still there, carrying on as usual. One evening, Forbes related a thrilling experience he had had on the wreck of the *Cambria*. The mere mention of that name immediately awoke in me memories of my boyhood days; for I well remembered hearing of the wreck of the *Cambria* then.

Forbes had been a passenger on that ship—an Anchor Liner sailing from New York to Glasgow. He held us fascinated as he told his story, slowly, and with great deliberation. The charm, however, would occasionally be broken, by his making a digression at some particularly interesting part in his recital. But we were not at all interested in these digressions; so they elicited such questions as "But what did you do next?" or, "Where did you land?" interjected as a hint that we wanted him to stick to his subject. But to these interruptions, Forbes paid not the slightest heed. It was *his* story; and he persisted in his dogged determination to tell it his own way.

The story in brief was, that on the wreck of the ship, through its having sprung a leak, all the passengers had to take to the life-boats. After tossing about in these for several days, they were picked up by a Dutch steamer which took them round the north of Scotland, and landed them at Aberdeen. But the steamer that had saved them, Forbes said, in concluding his story, was itself lost when on its way from Aberdeen to London. That was the real tragedy of his story.

To show the nature of Forbes' digressions when reciting his story, I may here cite one example. At the stage in his story when he was telling of all hands having left the *Cambria,* while they were standing by in the boats

watching her sink, he casually remarked that he afterwards painted from memory a picture of that scene; and went on to tell us the history of that picture; and the various places at which it had been exhibited, etc., etc. But no one cared a rap about the picture. It was the story of the wreck we wanted.

The snowsheds were completed about the end of October, or the beginning of November. By that time we heard rumours that the C.P.R. was about to start the construction of a line—usually spoken of as the Short Line—from Sherbrooke in the province of Quebec, on through the state of Maine; and that James Ross would be in charge of that work.

So, as soon as we were free to leave, some of us headed for Sherbrooke. On the way, I made a stop in Calgary, and spent a day and night at Ailsa Ranch. A comfortable house had been built by that time; and substantial stables and sheds. And a goodly-sized herd of cattle stocked our range. So the ranch had every appearance of having got off to a good start.

On arriving at Sherbrooke I reported to Ross. He received me with his usual encouraging smile; and said he hoped to have work for me before long.

So, pending the forthcoming of this work, I took up my abode at the Magog House. There were a number of other engineers at this hotel, also waiting for the word "go". And we were still waiting for this signal when the year 1886 came to a close.

Chapter XII

C. P. R. SHORT LINE

State of Maine, 1887-88

SURVEYS for the location of the Short Line through Maine had been made by Alexander Middleton in the fall of 1886; but there was considerable delay in starting construction.

This delay was due to opposition raised by the Maine Central Railway, to the granting of a charter to the International Railway of Maine—the charter under which the C.P.R. purposed constructing this line.

In support of the application for this charter, Middleton, at a sitting of the Maine Legislature, gave evidence regarding the location of the line; and the Legislature finally granted the charter. But by this time winter had set in; and construction was consequently still longer delayed.

There was, however, a small part of the Short Line in the province of Quebec, on which construction had been started in the fall; and it was carried on during the winter. This was the part between Sherbrooke and Lennoxville. Sykes and Hodgins were both employed on this work; Sykes as division engineer, and Hodgins as his assistant. But the rest of us at Sherbrooke remained unemployed all winter.

As the saying goes, it's a long lane that has no turning. And the turn came as a pleasant surprise, early in spring, when we received from Ross the welcome order to go

to Greenville in Maine, and report to A. L. Hogg, the engineer in charge of the work in Maine.

We lost no time in getting there, and on our arrival, promptly reported to Hogg, now our new Chief.

I have already mentioned him as having been in charge of location in the Mountains in 1883. I had often heard about him; but this was the first time I met him. And I found him very congenial and considerate to those under him.

There were a number of engineers already at Greenville when we arrived; and among them was Foster whom I had not seen for over a year. I was delighted to meet him again, and we had a happy reunion in his room at the hotel, with some others, the night of our arrival. He was, as usual, the life of the party.

Percy Girouard, a young French Canadian whom I had not met before, also entertained us by his stories and by his lusty singing of *Alouette*. He was a graduate of Royal Military College; and was then employed as a draughtsman in Hogg's office. He later joined the Royal Engineers, and served with distinction under Kitchener at the relief of Khartoum. He was afterwards made Director of Railways in South Africa; and was knighted for his services in this connection during the Boer War.

On the following morning, Hogg joined us at breakfast. As he smilingly looked us over, there was an understanding twinkle in his eye; from which it was easy to see that he knew all about our little diversion of the night before.

To facilitate construction, the line in Maine was divided into divisions of about thirty miles, each in charge of a division engineer. These divisions were subdivided into three sections, each in charge of an assistant engineer.

Middleton was in charge of the farthest east division, which connected with the Maine Central Railway at Mattawamkeag. I was to be his assistant on the central ten

mile section of this division. His other assistants were Schreiber on the western section, and Simpson on the eastern.

H. B. Wright was assigned to me as rodman. He had been on the Lake Superior division of the C.P.R. during construction; and he was one of those who had spent the winter with me at Sherbrooke. So I knew him well.

After spending a day or two at Greenville getting our camp outfit together, Wright and I set out for Lincoln, a small town on the Maine Central, and the nearest one to my section. There was, however, no direct railway connection between Greenville and Lincoln. So we had to go by a roundabout way, involving some tedious waiting in changing from one railway line to another. Eventually, we got to Lincoln all right.

Middleton had not yet arrived; but Sinclair, the contractor for the work on my section, was there ahead of me. He had already established his camp and was busy clearing the right of way. So I got him to move my camp outfit to a site close to his own camp. This was situated about ten miles north of Lincoln, on the other side of the Penobscot River; and about the middle of my section.

A day or two after I had got settled in camp, Schreiber appeared on the scene. He had been sent by Hogg to stay at my camp until Middleton came; and to assist me in the meantime.

Schreiber's arrival was most opportune; for I was about to make a slight change in the location of the line to lighten the work on a large cutting near the camp. So I could well make use of his valuable help.

There was still some two to three feet of wet slushy snow in the woods, and snowshoes were a necessity. We had none of our own, but we managed to get some pairs

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at Sinclair's camp. They were pretty well worn out, but we made good use of them while they lasted.

One day, however, Schreiber got badly entangled with his pair. They had got so rotten with the wet slushy snow that his feet went right through them down to solid ground; while the snowshoes clung around his legs above the knees, like spurs on a fighting cock. It was a comical sight to watch his contortions in trying to free himself.

Middleton arrived just as I had finished making this change of location. He gave it his approval; and stayed at my camp for a few days. When he left, he took Schreiber with him, and established a camp for him on the western section.

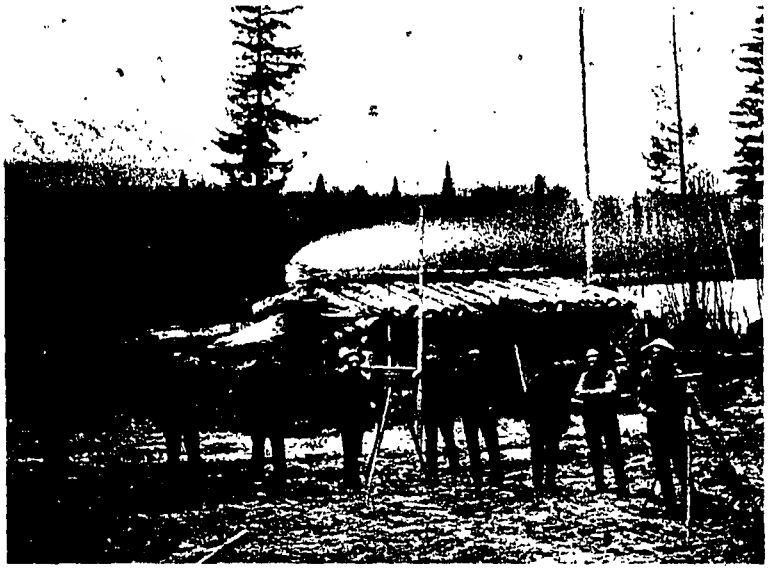
Middleton opened an office for himself in Lincoln. But he was much more in his element out on the work, than in his office. He was a man of even disposition, quiet and unobtrusive; but with a keen sense of humour. My relationship with him on that work was of the happiest, and developed into a lifelong friendship.

For the first few months I was kept busy laying out the work. There was much variety in this, for the railway did not follow a natural valley route. It cut through a series of ridges; and across intervening valleys, and rivers which were tributaries of the Penobscot.

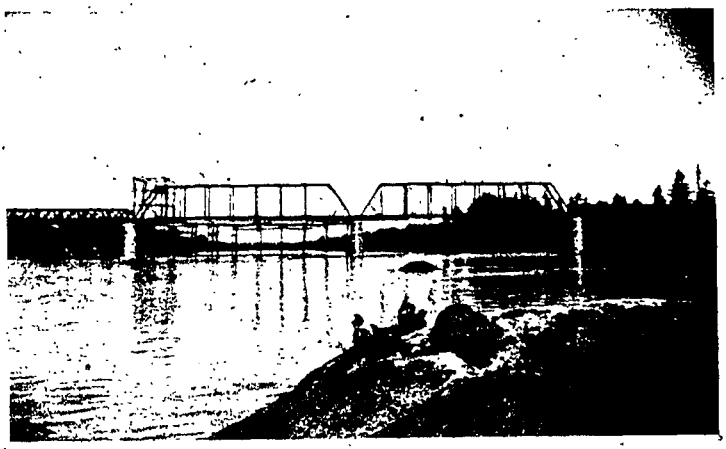
There were many large granite boulders strewn over the ridges, and from these boulders—by the use of plug and feathers—large slabs for the building of culverts, and abutments of bridges, were readily obtained.

The bush was all second growth; so there was no large timber. But there was a ready market for such timber as there was, at the spool factories, and toothpick factories, which were established along the banks of the Penobscot River.

In the valleys between the ridges, there was some swampy land through which we sometimes had to



MOBERLY HOUSE



BRIDGE ACROSS THE PENOBSCOT AT MATTAWAMKEAG

flounder. On one occasion when we were thus engaged, Wright burst into song with these lines:

"Beautiful bush, with beautiful trees,
Beautiful swamps, with mud up to your knees,
Beautiful lakes, and rivers as well,
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful sell."

This poetic effusion he ascribed to Secretan. But whether or not it was Secretan's, it was particularly applicable to our own situation at the moment.

About this time, H. D. Lumsden—my old Chief on the Ontario and Quebec Railway—was appointed Chief Engineer of the Short Line; and Hogg became Assistant Chief on the part in Maine.

When I had got the work on my section all laid out, I had time to spend an occasional week-end in Lincoln and enjoy some social life. Wright generally accompanied me. Schreiber too, although his camp was much farther than ours from Lincoln, would at times join us in these week-end visits. Simpson, however, but rarely took part in them. He was married; and quite naturally, spent his leisure time in camp with Mrs. Simpson. Moreover, Winn, a small town some twelve miles east of Lincoln, was quite close to his camp; so when he had need to go to town, it was to Winn that he went.

Chan Woods, the hotel-keeper with whom we stayed when in Lincoln, busied himself on our behalf, and introduced us to a number of families in the town. And by these we were received most hospitably. We were always made welcome at any time we chose to call.

Middleton used to tell a story about Schreiber, apropos of one of these visits. They were visiting a family in which there was a new baby; and they found a number of ladies there too, all in ecstasies over this wonderful baby. One of these ladies turned to Schreiber and said:

"Don't you want to kiss it, Mr. Schreiber?"

"I don't *want* to, but I will," was his rather surprising reply—a reply which, however, reflected perfectly his genial good nature.

We would sometimes visit also our neighbouring engineers at Brownville, which was the headquarters of Matthew Neilson, the engineer in charge of the division adjoining Middleton's on the western end.

William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann, who each had had separate contracts in the mountains on the construction of the main line, had now joined forces, and had taken a contract on Neilson's division, under the firm name of Mackenzie & Mann. Brownville was their headquarters too.

Although the construction of the railway was being pushed ahead, no settlement had yet been made on my section for the land required for right of way, and toward the end of 1887, arbitration proceedings were about to be taken for its acquirement, before a judge of the court in Bangor.

Sinclair, the contractor, was also a party in this arbitration, as the owners of the land to be acquired had included in their claim against the railway company the value of the timber destroyed by him in connection with the building of his camps.

At the time set by the court for the hearing of evidence, Middleton, unfortunately had to go to New York to be with his elder brother George, who was about to undergo a serious operation. But, before he left, he asked me to go to Bangor in his stead, and give what evidence I could if required. It thus devolved on me to go to Bangor, instead of Middleton; and Sinclair went with me.

The court proceedings were quite informal. The owners of the land were there with their witnesses. The chief of these was a land surveyor who gave evidence as to the value of the timber destroyed. He was afterwards

cross-questioned at length by the solicitor for the railway company, who brought out various inconsistencies in his methods of valuation.

At this point, Sinclair suggested that the judge, being himself an old lumberman with a good knowledge of timber-land values, might like to visit the lands in question, before coming to a decision. To this suggestion the judge and both parties were agreeable; and a day was fixed for his visit, on a date when Middleton would have returned from New York.

Although I well remember the appearance of the judge and also the appearance of the solicitor, and the surveyor, their names have completely gone from my memory. So I can only designate them by their professions.

On the morning of the day fixed for the judge's visit —it was in the winter—Middleton, Sinclair and I were at Lincoln to meet him. He arrived accompanied by the surveyor, who had travelled with him from Bangor; and both had breakfast together at the hotel. In the meantime, Middleton and Sinclair were devising a way to separate the surveyor from the judge, on the inspection trip.

The way this was to be done became very soon apparent. For, when the judge and the surveyor, having finished breakfast, were standing outside on the hotel porch, waiting for the conveyance which was to take them to the land to be inspected, Sinclair drove up to the hotel in a single-seated cutter; and suggested to the judge that he would find the cutter much more comfortable than the double-seated sleigh which Middleton was bringing up behind.

With this suggestion the judge readily concurred, and took his seat beside Sinclair. The cutter then started off at a brisk pace; and the surveyor, now separated from the judge, had to take his place beside me in Middleton's sleigh, which came along a few minutes later.

Middleton held back his team, in order to let Sinclair

and the judge get well ahead; and we did not catch up with them until we got to Sinclair's camp. By that time, Sinclair had taken full advantage of the opportunity he had had, when alone with the judge, of pointing out on the ground some salient features bearing on the valuation of the land.

We all had lunch at the camp together; and the judge entertained us by relating some of his experiences in the American Civil War, in which he had taken part as a soldier. The surveyor never got a word alone with him at all.

So the manoeuvre worked all right. When the Lincoln people heard about it, they called it a *real Yankee trick*.

What the judge's decision was, I can't say exactly. It was, as in many other arbitrations, in the nature of a compromise; but much more favourable to the railway company than to the owners of the land.

The year 1888 was Leap Year; and our lady friends in Lincoln invited us to a dance on the 29th of February.

This dance was carried out in complete accord with one's conception of a Leap Year dance. For, when all the guests were assembled, the ladies busied themselves most methodically in getting their dance programmes filled; and the men had to sit around, patiently waiting their turn to be asked to honour some charmer with a dance.

This was a unique experience; and the dance was followed by one of those suppers which were Lincoln specialties.

As a recognition of the hospitality thus shown us by our Lincoln friends, we decided to give them a dance ourselves; and to hold it at Winn. We chose Winn because it had a good roller-skating rink adjoining the hotel; and the two buildings could easily be connected by a covered canvas passage-way. They were owned and

operated by the same proprietor, Gaetz; and we arranged with him to put up the passage-way, do all the catering, and the decorating of the rink. So the setting was an ideal one for our dance.

We sent out invitations in the name of a quintet—composed of Middleton, Schreiber, Bone, Simpson, and Mrs. Simpson. We then arranged with the Maine Central Railway to place a special coach on a siding at Lincoln, for the use of our guests; this coach to be picked up on the night of the dance, by the regular evening train, put off at Winn, and placed on a siding there until the following morning.

So that is how we took our guests to Winn. There was just a sufficient number to fill the coach, without overcrowding. Mrs. Simpson was at Winn awaiting our arrival; and, as hostess, received the guests.

The dance—with an interval about midnight for supper in the hotel—was kept up till morning. Our coach, with all our guests, was then picked up by the early morning train; and we were taken back to Lincoln, all enthusiastic over the enjoyable time we had had.

The Bangor press gave a glowing account of this dance. One paper called it: "The most notable social event that had ever taken place in Penobscot County". So we might well claim to have been Ambassadors of Good Will during our stay in Maine.

As construction work progressed, it became evident to the contractors that they were losing money on their contract price of 25 cents per cubic yard for earth excavation.

There were only three classifications in the excavation specifications: solid rock, loose rock, and earth. Any material which could not be classified as either solid rock, or loose rock, had to be classified as earth. But much of the material thus classified was beyond any doubt cemented material—generally spoken of as "hardpan".

For such material, the contract price was quite inadequate. So the contractors were having no easy time in meeting expenses.

They finally came to the conclusion that they had either to get a considerably higher price for earth, or let the railway company take over the work.

They had several meetings with the head officials of the company in Montreal, regarding their position; and the company at length decided to get R. G. Reid—a noted contractor with large experience—to go over the work and make a report on the probable cost of completing it.

Reid undertook this work; and one day Hogg, Middleton and I, met him at Sinclair's camp. There was a cutting being made through a high ridge close by; and the greater part of the material was quite evidently "hardpan". Reid examined it carefully; and questioned me as to the classification I had been making of this material. My answers evidently satisfied him, for as soon as he had finished, he gave the word to pass on to the rest of the work.

We all then got mounted on horseback and set out on our way, with Reid leading, at a gallop. I was next in the lead, but Middleton after a time managed to catch up to me, and suggested I should keep alongside of Mr. Reid and give him all the information I could. This was easier said than done; for it was a wild ride over stumps and boulders, which littered our path. Reid proved to be the best horseman of us all, or it may be that he just had the best horse; for he still kept the lead; with Hogg trailing far behind.

Reid stopped for a few minutes now and then, to examine the material in certain cuttings; but in the main, he kept going. So he was not long in passing over Middleton's division, and into Neilson's. There, Middleton's part in the inspection ended; so we turned about

and headed for our own camp. Hogg, however, went on with Reid.

Middleton and I came back at a much slower pace; we had had enough of hard riding. But with this slower pace, it was getting dark before we reached camp; and it was anything but pleasant riding, picking our way in the dark through stumps and other obstacles.

So, when we came to a part on my section that I knew well, I thought of a way to make the going easier. There was quite a long borrow-pit by the side of the trail along which my horse was stumbling; and I considered this pit would make easier travelling, even although it contained about two feet of water. So I quite confidently made my horse step down into it.

But I had overlooked one thing. The bottom of this pit, I knew, was firm clay; but it did not occur to me that it would be slippery. It was left for my horse to find that out; for the moment his feet touched the clay bottom, they slid with a swish through the water, and over he went on his side.

Just then, I heard Middleton's voice calling out: "Where are you going, Bone?" By that time I was under water, all but my head. But I still had hold of the reins; and was free from the saddle. So I managed to get on my feet; and get my horse on his too. I then led him through the water to the end of the borrow-pit on to dry land; and there I mounted again, dripping wet.

We got to Sinclair's camp shortly afterwards, and turned over our horses to the stable men. I heard, as we were leaving, the man who took my horse remark to the other: "They must have been riding fast; this horse is wet all over." I did not think it necessary to correct that impression.

Middleton afterwards took delight in telling that story on me; with just sufficient exaggeration to make it the more amusing. In relating the incident, he would say

that I was completely under the water, and that he could see nothing but bubbles coming up.

Following Reid's inspection, and report, the railway company granted the contractors an increase of 50% on their contract price of 25 cents per cubic yard for earth; thus raising the price to 37½ cents. This was satisfactory to the contractors, and they carried on, and finished their work.

Later in the summer, Middleton got the offer from a New York group of financiers of a position in Brazil. This was to make an exploration by boat of the Tocantins River, a tributary of the Amazon, and report on the feasibility of its being economically navigated.

He accepted the offer; and resigned from his position with the railway company. We, who had worked with him, were all sorry to have him go. And so were the people of Lincoln. I would not venture to say how many of his lady friends were at the station in a body the day he left, to bid him good-bye, and wish him God-speed.

The work was by this time, so well advanced, that there was hardly any need for a division engineer. So I became acting division engineer instead. This entailed but little extra work on my part; for Simpson's section was practically finished; and my own too. The work still to be done lay, for the most part, in Schreiber's section.

So I gave up my own camp, and took up my abode with him. I spent my time partly at his camp and partly at Lincoln. But I also spent some time at Mattawamkeag, while the steel bridge over the Penobscot was being erected.

In the latter half of the year 1888, political questions

were being hotly discussed, as this was the year of a presidential election in the U.S.A. In this election, Benjamin Harrison, Republican candidate, won against his opponent, Grover Cleveland, the candidate of the Democrats. I heard much wailing in Lincoln over this result, by some Democrats who had been holding government positions.

Towards the close of the work, Lumsden came to Lincoln to see me. He informed me that track-laying would be starting immediately at Mattawamkeag; and he wanted me to look after this work temporarily, pending the arrival of Ramsay—an engineer experienced in track-laying—who would then take charge. Lumsden told me, too, that he had made arrangements with a man named Burns to board the track-layers in a boarding-car; and I would not therefore be troubled by that.

A day or two afterwards, I got word that the cars with the track-laying crew were on the way to Mattawamkeag; so I went there to meet them. But when the cars arrived they were without provisions; there was nothing at all for the men to eat. The man Burns, mentioned by Lumsden, had apparently fallen down on his job, to the intense indignation of the men. And I had to bear the brunt of this.

I was early on the look-out for Burns the following morning. I met him in the middle of the main street; and there we had a hot wordy battle. But it did not take him long to remedy the slip he had made. I can see him yet, rushing around from one store to another getting provisions for his boarding-car.

This was the same Burns who in after years was known in Calgary as Pat Burns; and later as Senator Burns.

That same day, a slim young man who was Burns' clerk approached me, and introduced himself by saying: "I'm George." Although I did not recognize him from his appearance, the name "George" at once recalled to

mind the small office boy I had first met at Medicine Hat in 1883—George Webster, who many years later became Mayor of Calgary; and afterwards a Member of the Alberta Legislature.

The erection of the bridge across the Penobscot was now sufficiently advanced to permit the track-laying cars to cross; so track-laying was commenced at once; and by the time Ramsay arrived and took charge, about twelve miles had been laid.

I stayed a few days with him; but as there was nothing more there for me to do, I left for Sherbrooke where I made my final report in person. There I spent a few days; and met many old friends, among whom were Mather, Hodgins, Stoess, and Holt. Holt had then a contract for part of the work on that division.

Schreiber and I had arranged some time before, to take a trip together to the old country, after the work was finished. And this we did. We sailed, later in the year, from New York to Glasgow, on the steamship *State of Nebraska*.

It was a few days after Christmas that I arrived at my old home. There was not, however, the joy attending this home-coming that there was in the previous one. For although I was glad to find my father hale and well, and my brother Robert too, there was a sad change at Dowhill. No warm welcome there from my Aunt Wright this time. Both she and Uncle Wright, and also my cousin William, their eldest son, had passed away; and James, the youngest son, was carrying on the farm alone.

Chapter XIII

SCOTLAND AGAIN
1889

ON THIS VISIT to my old home I found many friends and relatives missing—in addition to those who were no longer at Dowhill. Uncle Quintin, Father's elder brother, and his sister, Aunt Lamont, had both passed away. But his younger brother, Uncle George, was well and active, and still maintained his home in Maybole.

My cousin, Robert Bone, was now a doctor in Inch, a small town in Aberdeenshire; and his sister Etta was living in Ayr. Cousin Susan Lamont, however, had made no change; she was still in Cumnock, carrying on her private school.

I spent the greater part of my time at home with Father and Robert; with an occasional walk to Maybole to look in on Uncle George; and from there by train to Ayr to see Cousin Etta. I also walked to Dowhill quite often, and spent an hour or two with James Wright.

Father was still a keen curler, and he got quite a lot of curling that winter. He would walk to the curling pond at Kirkoswald, a distance of about three miles; and walk home again after his game.

Later, I paid a visit to my cousin Dr. Robert Bone, in Inch. This was my first visit to Aberdeenshire; and a most interesting visit it was. My cousin was married, and had two children—Quintin and Madge—and a lively and amusing little pair they were.

On my way back from Inch and Aberdeen, I visited the Forth Bridge which was then being built. I had

obtained permission to go over the work; so I was able to watch with freedom the various processes in its construction.

When on this tour, I went also to see my many relatives on my mother's side. And here too, there were several gaps in some of the families.

In Glasgow, I called on Uncle Hill, and passed a pleasant evening with him. I also called on J. A. Aitken, the Scottish artist I had met and got to know so well in the Mountains, during the time I was employed on the construction of the snowsheds. I had an enjoyable time with him and Mrs. Aiken, talking over our experiences of those days.

Nearer home, I had the opportunity of renewing acquaintances with two of my Ayr Academy school-mates: Robert and Andrew Allan. Robert, the elder, had been in my class. He was then farming at Howwell near Kirkcudbright, and I spent five or six days there, being pleasantly entertained both by Robert and his sister Elizabeth, who kept house for him.

I sailed early in April from Liverpool to New York on the *City of Paris*, of the Inman Line. This was her maiden voyage; and she made the run in good time.

From New York, I went to Montreal and had a talk with Holt about the prospects for work again. He had nothing in the way of work to offer me at the moment. He told me, however, that he was expecting to have work before long, on the construction of a branch line from Regina to Prince Albert.

Thus encouraged, I decided to push on to Calgary; and take up my abode at Ailsa Ranch, pending developments. I arrived there about the end of April.

Some new settlers had come to the surrounding districts since I last was there. One of these was Tom McMillan. He came from a small estate called Changue, near the

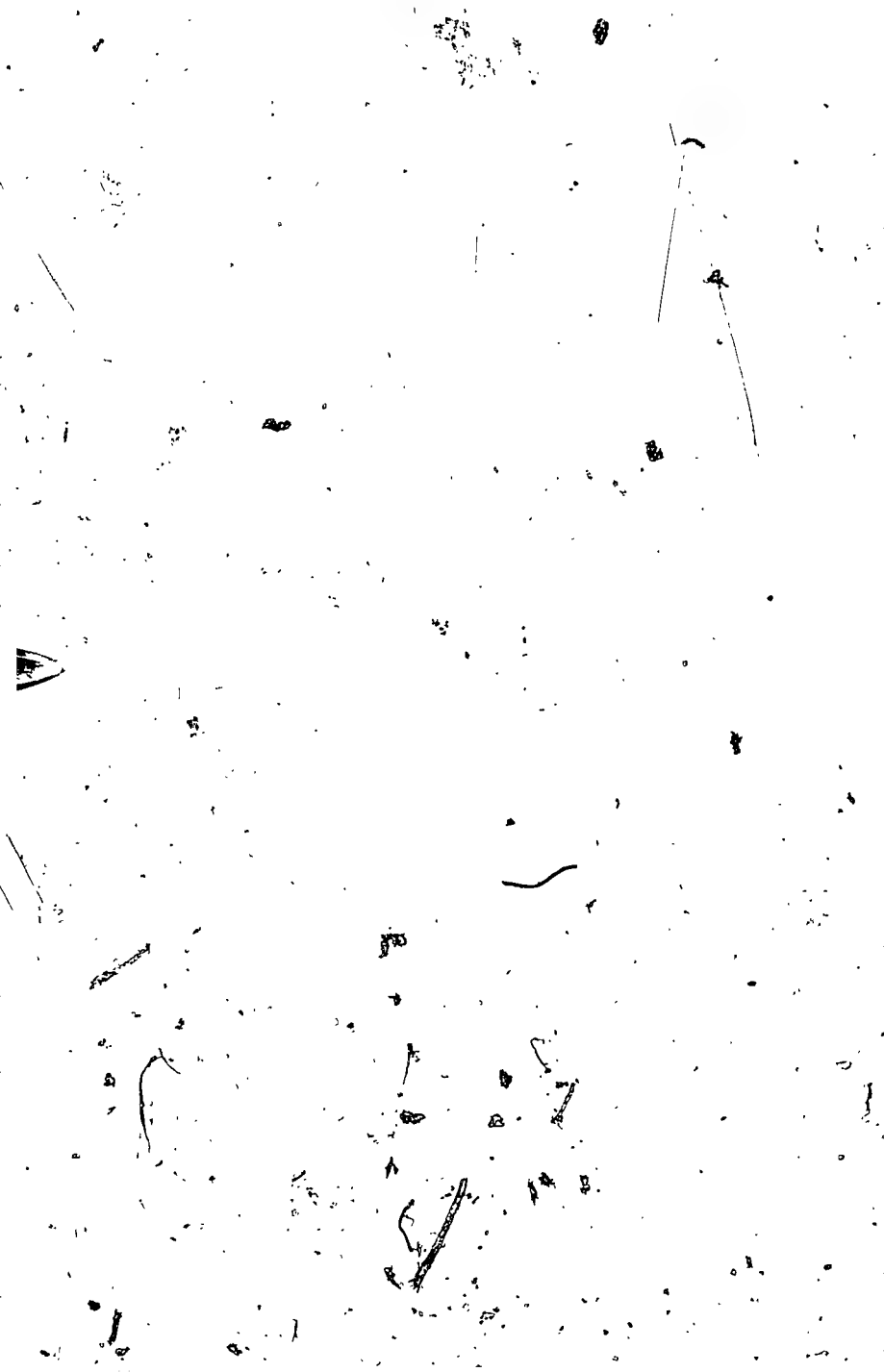
village of Barr, in Ayrshire; and was well known to Bryce. Wright and me. He stayed with us for some time while he was searching for a suitable place to start ranching for himself.

Two other new settlers whom I got to know at this time, were James and Robert Turner, second cousins of ours. They had come to Canada and had called on John Turner's father at Hornby before coming west; and he had given them a letter of introduction to John.

They settled on land on the North Fork of Sheep Creek, at the head of the valley leading to the South Fork. So this valley became known locally as Turner Valley. Through the discovery of oil under it, many years later, Turner Valley is now widely known as Canada's largest producing oil field.

Robert Turner, the younger of the two, was married; and he and Mrs. Turner paid us frequent visits. On these visits, Mrs. Turner would busy herself tidying up our house, mending our clothes, and doing other odds and ends to make us more comfortable. We highly appreciated these kind attentions; and had a great regard for her.

Toward the latter part of July—when we had just commenced to cut hay on the ranch—I received a telegram from Holt telling me to go to Regina. This telegram was brought to me from Calgary by a man on horseback, an employee of W. R. Hull, in whose care it had been sent. So, that put an end to my haying; and I left immediately for Regina.



Chapter XIV

LOCATION OF RAILWAY

Regina to Prince Albert, 1889

I ARRIVED at Regina about midnight, and put up at the Windsor Hotel. The following morning, who should call on me but the ubiquitous "George" whom I had last seen in Maine. Holt, he told me, had gone north on an inspection trip to Saskatoon, but before leaving, had instructed him to take me to Neilson's camp; he had, he said, a team of mules and a buckboard waiting outside, all ready to take me there. So I set out with him at once.

The camp was in the Qu'Appelle Valley, about twenty-five miles north of Regina. There I learned that I was to be transitman, under Neilson, on the location of the railway which was to connect Regina with Prince Albert, by way of Saskatoon.

For the information of those to whom the word "Transitman" means nothing, I may say that on the location of a railway across a wide expanse of open prairie, the duty of the transitman was much the same as that of a navigator of a ship; for in order to reach his objective with any degree of certainty, he had to keep a log of the course run each day; and plot these in camp at night.

A company with the comprehensive name of "Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan, Railway, and Steamboat Company" had, some years before, built the part of this railway from Regina to the Qu'Appelle valley.

This part, however, was not being utilized; and the road-bed was a tangle of weeds.

As its name would indicate, this company had planned to put steamboats on Long Lake, to be run in conjunction with the railway. With this object in view, a wharf had been built on Long Lake, at the end of the completed portion of the railway.

But by the time the wharf was built, a period of dry seasons had commenced; and the shore of the lake kept receding until the wharf was entirely on dry land.

That the drying up of the lake was not an extraordinary occurrence was shown by the fact that at the site of the wharf, and well past the end of it, there were old buffalo trails, and well-worn Indian travois ruts, plainly to be seen. This was good evidence that that part of the lake had been dry in the past, long before the wharf was built.

So the plan to navigate Long Lake was naturally abandoned; and an all-rail route was the project on which I was to be employed.

James Ross had undertaken the engineering and construction of this railway; and associated with him in this were Holt, Mackenzie, and Mann. H. D. Lumsden was the inspecting engineer for the government.

I started work under Neilson who, at first, was the engineer in charge of location. He, however, was shortly afterwards put in charge of construction; and Alexander Stewart took his place on location.

The starting point of our location was in the Qu'Appelle valley, at a siding on the built portion of the railway, called Craven; and Saskatoon was our first objective.

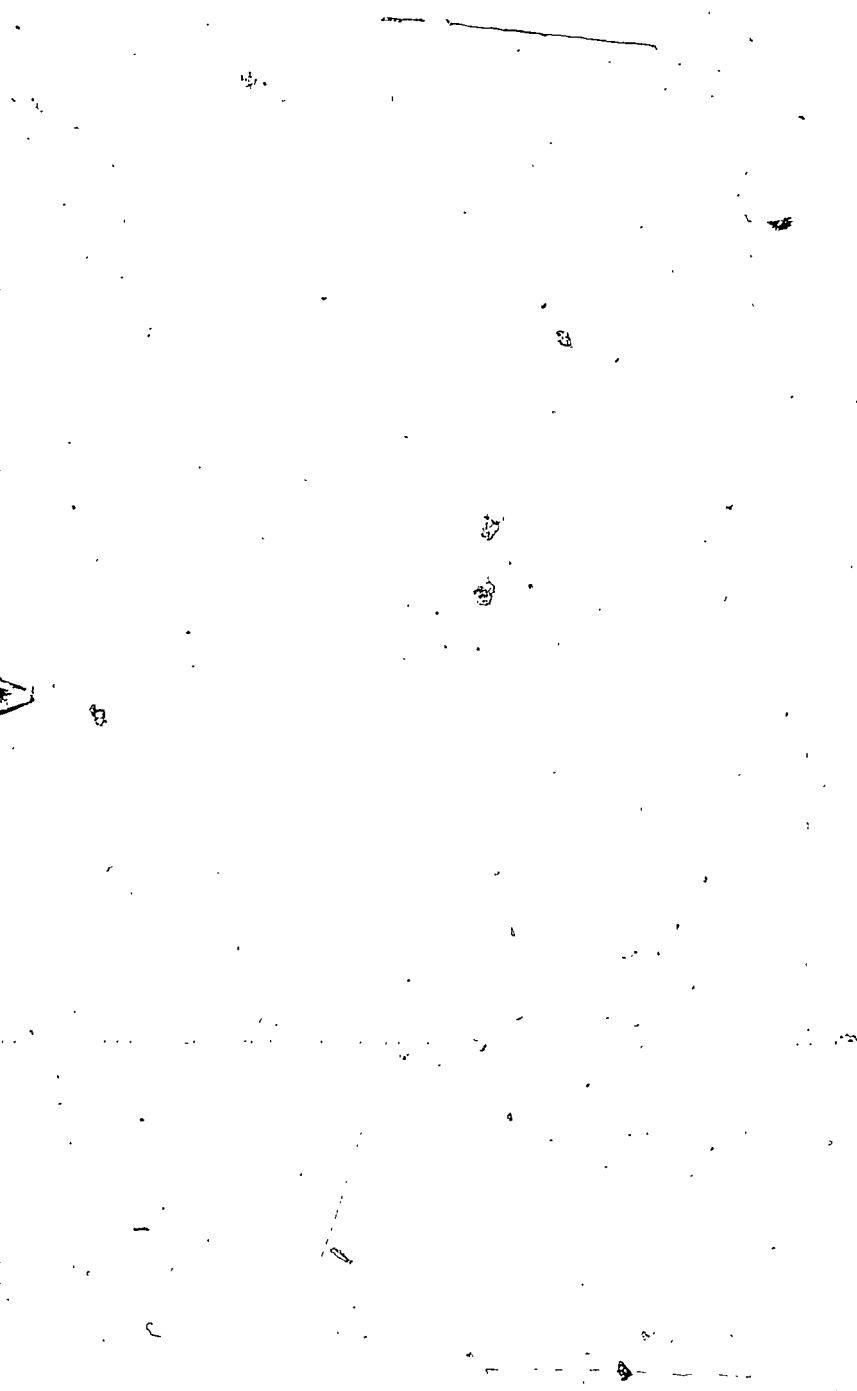
A few days after I had been at work, Holt called at our camp on his way back from Saskatoon, and had lunch with us. In the conversation I had with him, he referred to my new position. He said that seeing my experience had all along been on construction, it would be well that



FAKING A GAME OF POKER



PARTY ON LOCATION OF CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.
STANDING—LEFT TO RIGHT, BLISS, SYMONDS, FOSTER, COOK, LEVELLER, AXEMAN, CAMERON, BONE.
SITTING—BELL, HALL, NORQUAY, SIMON.



I now got some experience on location; and that was why he had placed me on location. I expressed my thanks for his consideration, and assured him that I was well pleased with my new job.

Some two weeks later, when we had moved camp from the valley, and were camped on the uplands, we had quite an alarming experience. This was on a Sunday when we were resting quietly in camp.

Stewart had gone for the day to Regina, and I was left in charge of the camp. One of our teamsters, too, had gone with his team to get them shod at Craven.

We were suddenly roused by the rumble of a wagon, tearing along with the team at full gallop, and a voice yelling "Prairie fire!" This was our teamster who had gone to get his team shod. He had seen that a prairie fire, fanned by a strong wind, was approaching in our direction; and he had turned back to warn us. And he was not a minute too soon.

We started immediately to create a safety zone by setting fire to the prairie on the lee side of our camp; and just had time to take down the tents and drag them, together with the rest of the camp outfit, on to the safety zone. We could feel the heat of the flaming billow, as it approached. But it snuffed itself out the instant it reached the border of our safety zone. There was nothing there to keep it alive. So our camp was saved in the nick of time; and perhaps ourselves too.

Not long after this encounter with the prairie fire, we had a visit from Ross and Mann, who stayed at our camp over night. Mann entertained us with stories of his experiences in South America. He had gone there after having finished his contract in Maine, to look into the prospects for railway construction, and had but recently returned. Some of his stories were pretty far-fetched;

and they elicited the remark from Ross: "As true as you can, now, Mann."

I cannot recall who the leveller on our party was when we started. Noel Brooks, from Sherbrooke, was with us for a short time before being transferred to a construction camp. But whether it was he who had been our leveller, I cannot now say. Pyne, however, joined our party in this capacity about the end of August.

Between Craven and Saskatoon there was a great scarcity of good drinking water. Such water as there was, was strongly alkaline. Little wonder then, that we all longed to reach Saskatoon, and get a good drink from the Saskatchewan. But such was the irony of fate, that when we did get there—about the middle of September—it was a cold chilly day; and no one had any desire for a drink.

When we reached Saskatoon, Pyne was transferred to construction; and Kirkland joined the party as leveller in his stead. I had spent the winter of 1886-87 with Kirkland in the Magog House at Sherbrooke, and knew him well.

Saskatoon at that time consisted of a few houses on the south side of the Saskatchewan. The principal of these—as far as we had any dealings with them—was a general store; and close to it, a blacksmith's shop.

We spent some two or three weeks there running trial lines for a crossing of the river. When we had finally established the site of this crossing, we moved camp to the north side of the river; and continued the location of the line on that side, on to Prince Albert.

We made good progress until we got to Duck Lake; but there we entered a bush country, and this slowed down our progress considerably.

This was a district of much historical interest. It was here, and in the neighbourhood, that the battles in the Riel Rebellion had been fought in 1885. We camped

at one time close to where General Middleton had had his headquarters' camp. Empty tin cans, and other camp debris, were still there in evidence.

Toward the middle of November winter set in, with sub-zero temperatures and heavy snowfalls. But being in the bush, we were well sheltered, and did not feel the severity of the weather as much as we would have felt it had we been on the open prairie.

We finished the location to Prince Albert about the end of November. The length of this location—starting from Craven—was approximately 230 miles.

As soon as we had finished, our camp outfit started back, in charge of Kirkland, on its way to End of Track, which by this time was about half way between Saskatoon and Craven.

Stewart and I, however, stayed for a night at Prince Albert, at the Queen's Hotel; and on an invitation from Charles Mair—well-known Old Timer of Prince Albert, and poet and writer—we spent the evening at his home. He had two attractive young daughters, whose presence added much to our enjoyment of the evening.

The following day, we were busy getting together our own outfit for the journey back. This consisted of a small sleigh, or jumper as it was called, and a pair of ponies. We loaded the jumper with a small tent, our blankets, and some provisions.

We set out on our journey about five o'clock in the afternoon and made for the home of a settler named McInnes, who, we had been told, would put us up for the night. We had supper with him; and spent a comfortable night.

Our next stop was at Duck Lake. We put up at a hotel for the night; and I had a pleasant surprise in meeting there, two old acquaintances—Madigan, who had been a contractor on the construction of the C.P.R.

in the mountains; and Watson, whom I had met at Sherbrooke. They had a winter's job there, cutting ties for the railway.

We crossed the Saskatchewan the following day on the ice, near Batoche—the scene of one of the battles in the Rebellion. There was still evidence of that battle, in the shattered trees which bordered the river.

We had our mid-day meal almost opposite Batoche, on the south side of the river, at the home of a French Canadian. We then continued our way, hoping to reach Saskatoon by night. But we were now on the open prairie; and a strong wind was blowing, sweeping the snow before it, and obliterating the travelled trail. The air was so filled with snow that we could scarcely see ahead of us. We therefore had to plough our way through the snow without having any definite idea where we were going; and to make matters worse, darkness overtook us.

After thus wandering for some time, we saw a light and headed for it. As we got near it, we saw that it came from a log house which loomed up through the darkness. So we drove on to this house and there made our plight known.

The occupant, who was keeping bachelor's quarters, kindly invited us in to stay with him for the night. And he cared for our ponies too. He turned his own team out of the stables, and let them fend for themselves in the yard, in order to let our ponies in and be sheltered for the night. He then set to work and cooked a good supper for us. His hospitality knew no bounds; and we certainly appreciated it to the full.

After supper we had an interesting talk with him; exchanging stories of our experiences. His name, he told us, was Clark.

When it was time to go to bed, we spread our blankets on the kitchen floor, beside the well-filled stove, and passed the night in perfect comfort.

By morning the storm had blown itself out; and we continued on our way. We caught up with the rest of our party about noon, at Saskatoon, where they had camped the previous night. The storm had played havoc with the cook's tent. It blew it over, and in doing so, it upset the cook's alarm clock into a pail of water, where it was found in the morning encased in a solid mass of ice.

We had our mid-day meal there, and then set out for Blackstrap Coulée, which we reached about 10 o'clock at night. There we found Brooks and his party in bed in a hayrack, among a load of hay. They were on their way to a job for the winter in the bush country around Duck Lake, to superintend the cutting of ties.

Our next stop was at a place called Springs, which we reached in the evening after a long cold drive, in a temperature well below zero. Here we found the bridge carpenters' camp; and two of my old associates in the bridge-building days in the Mountains. The first one I ran across was Weller. He had been one of the foremen carpenters then. Now he was in charge of the bridge building on this railway.

His first greeting to me was the exclamation: "Where have you come from; the North Pole?" With the buck-skin coat, and the tuque I was wearing—and very likely some icicles hanging from my beard—I may well have appeared to him as having come from some frozen region in the Far North.

Whom should I meet next but my old Chief, George Ellison; and his greeting was most cordial.

We had supper at that camp; and stayed for the night. Next day we got to the End of Track; and from there by train to headquarters, in the Qu'Appelle valley, close to Craven.

There, Stewart and I stayed a few days finishing our plans of the location; and, incidentally, getting the latest word regarding future developments. We learned that

work on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway would, in all likelihood, be under way the following year; and that —in that event—we would both be employed on it.

Construction work was now being closed down for the winter; and many were leaving for their own winter quarters. So as soon as I was free to leave, I made my way to Ailsa Ranch, which I reached a few days before the end of the year; and settled down there, quite contentedly, for the winter.

Chapter XV

CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY
1890 - 91

THE NEW YEAR at the ranch began with temperatures well below zero. Consequently I did not stir far from the house for the first week or two. But after that, it was fairly mild for the rest of the winter, and I was able to go farther afield in comfort.

I spent some time going with Bryce Wright to the foothills, and cutting down trees for fence posts; afterwards hauling these to the ranch. John Turner stayed at the ranch and looked after it while we were away. I helped also on other jobs, and altogether had a pleasant time.

Toward spring, however, I moved to Calgary in order to be on the spot when word should come telling me to report for duty on the location of the Calgary & Edmonton Railway.

I put up at the Royal Hotel, which was owned and run by James Reilly—"the people's James". There, I made the acquaintance of quite a number of people who were boarding at this hotel. Among these, were Col. Wainwright and his two attractive daughters. One of these ladies afterwards was married to Thomas Stone; and the other later became Mrs. Dudley Rickards.

I recall, too, meeting then for the first time, Dr. Lafferty who was at that time Mayor of Calgary; William Pearce, Inspector of Mines; Dr. H. B. Mackid; and his young son, Stewart Mackid, now one of the leading surgeons in Calgary.

The project of the Calgary & Edmonton Railway included a line from Calgary to Macleod, as well as the one from Calgary to Edmonton. And James Ross, who was still engaged in finishing the construction of the railway from Regina to Prince Albert, had also undertaken the construction of the C. & E. Rly.; and Holt, Mackenzie, and Mann, were his associates on this work too.

Individually, each of these four was prominent among the railway contractors of the day; and thus associated, they might well be referred to as the Big Four in railway promotion and construction.

One day, about the middle of April, I happened to be engaged in a game of billiards at the hotel, when I received a telegram telling me that a camp outfit was on the way from Regina to Calgary, and that I was to take charge of it on its arrival. I at once put away my billiard cue, and hurried to the station to find out when the outfit was due to arrive.

It arrived that evening. It consisted of tents and full equipment of wagons and mules; and was accompanied by Jack Lee, who had been one of the teamsters on our locating party the year before. He promptly got the outfit unloaded, and the mules stabled in Bain's stable.

Stewart, who held the position of Chief Locating Engineer, arrived the following morning, and I learned from him that he was putting two parties in the field: one to locate the line from Calgary to Red Deer; and the other to locate from Red Deer to Edmonton. I was to have charge of the former party, and M. Macleod was to have charge of the latter. I learned, too, that Lumsden would be the Inspecting Engineer for the government.

I spent a few days looking over the ground with Stewart until the members of my party arrived; and as soon as

I got them together I started locating up the Nose Creek valley on the north side of the Bow River.

I was highly pleased to have my old friend Mather as transitman on my party. I had not, however, met the leveller before. I remember well his appearance and genial personality, and still retain pleasant recollections of our fellowship on that work. But I never heard what became of him afterwards; and his name has completely slipped my memory. So, much to my regret, I can only speak of him now simply as *the leveller.*

The other members of the party were: Cameron, rodman; Symonds and Norquay, picketmen; Simon and Bell, chainmen; Lee, Hall, Forrest, and Bliss, teamsters; and the axeman and cook, whose names I do not recall.

Mather had gone in for photography as a hobby, and he took some interesting photographs of our camp, and of the members of the party, which vividly recall the appearance of each individual.

The party proved to be an excellent one. Each one knew his job, and did it well. All were keen to do their best. So, with such a party it did not take long—some eighteen days—to get to Red Deer, and connect with Macleod's line there. We then moved back to Calgary and started locating the south branch to Macleod.

Work on this location went on as smoothly as on the north branch. We had, however, a unique experience after we had passed High River. We found ourselves in a district that had been burned over by a prairie fire; and we happened by that time to have run out of stakes for marking the location line.

But our axeman, whose duty it was to make stakes, was resourceful; and he collected a lot of buffalo bones which were strewn all over the prairie, and used these for stakes. The line thus marked by these bleached bones, showed up like a white streak on the blackened prairie. It was so prominent and well defined, that

Mather and the leveller facetiously dubbed it "Bone's Line".

When we had finished this location, Stewart and Sykes came to our camp, just outside of Macleod, and spent the night with us. Stewart then told me that I was now to take charge of the draughting office in Calgary, and prepare the necessary plans for construction; and Sykes was to revise the location back to Calgary. This was the usual procedure in connection with locations. Locations made by one engineer were generally revised by another. And revision of locations was Sykes' specialty.

So I turned over the party to Sykes the following day, and drove back to Calgary with Stewart.

I opened an office in Calgary in a small building on the north side of Eighth Avenue, between Centre Street and First Street West. Jack Innes was my draughtsman. Besides being a good draughtsman he was also a good artist; and in after years became well known for his pictures of western, and cow-boy life. Bemster, a Dominion Land Surveyor, was also in the office, preparing plans and descriptions of lands required for right of way.

About the middle of July, Sykes' party arrived back in Calgary; and some of the men—like sailors when they reach port—had to have a blow-out. The camp was consequently practically deserted; and the job of rounding up the absentees was placed on Bill Bliss.

He told me afterwards some of his experiences on that job. One of these was in connection with Cameron, one of the missing men. He had managed to get hold of Cameron, and got him to consent to go back to camp with him. Cameron, however, asked Bliss to first come with him round a block, and he would show him where he had found Bell—another of the missing ones. So he took Bliss round to a vacant corner on which an excavation for a cellar had been made. Pointing to that hole

in the ground, Cameron said: "It was in that hole that I found Bell."

"But how did you come to find him there?" asked Bliss.

"I was taking a short cut across the corner, and fell in; and found Bell asleep in the hole."

Cameron evidently could appreciate a joke against himself—birds of a feather flocking together.

Bliss finally got the missing men all back to camp. And Sykes proceeded north, revising the location.

Calgary people were much interested about this time, in watching Marriagi—well-known restaurant proprietor—roast a steer on a spit in an excavation for the basement of a new building, which the Hudson's Bay Company was going to build. This roasted steer was for a barbecue which was to form part of the ceremony of turning the first sod in the construction of the railway.

The ceremony was performed by the Honourable Edgar Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories. It did not need much physical exertion on his part, to do this. He simply took his place between the handles of a wheelbarrow, in which a few sods had been placed; and on a given signal, he took hold of the handles, and dumped out the sods.

The Rev. Leonard Gaetz, pioneer settler of Red Deer, then made an eloquent oration, in which he presented a glowing picture of the prosperity which was bound to follow the completion of this connecting link with the north. In this, he but voiced the mind of the assembled crowd; for all had visions of untold wealth to come through the building of the railway.

Ross, too, made a speech; but public speaking was not his strong point. He lacked a good carrying voice; and the only words I could catch were: "Land Grant".

This ceremony took place in East Calgary, near the junction of the C. & E. Rly. with the C.P.R. It was a

gala day for Calgary; and the people ate and drank their fill.

Following this ceremony, construction headquarters and material yards were established at the junction; and I took up my quarters there. I was to have charge of the bridges to be built.

The first of these was the bridge over the Bow River. It was to be a truss bridge, of two spans of 150 feet each. But to avoid delay in track-laying, a temporary pile bridge was first to be built, over which the track-laying cars, which were expected soon from Regina, could pass on their arrival, to the north side of the river.

Work on this temporary bridge was started about the middle of August; with Weller as head foreman in charge of the pile drivers and the bridge carpenters.

I had, as rodman for a few days, P. C. B. Hervey—one of the old-time residents of Calgary, still to the fore. I have a rather hazy recollection of his having narrowly escaped a cold dip in the river; and of seeing him, on that occasion, clinging to a pile for a time until rescued.

By the time the track-layers arrived, the bridge had been completed; and their cars—identified by the name "James Ross" prominently painted on them—crossed to the north side of the river. The road-bed there had also been completed by Joe Laidlaw, one of the grading contractors. So track-laying got under way without delay.

Neilson, too, arrived about this time to take up his duties as Chief Engineer on construction. I got to know him well; and our intimacy developed into real friendship.

Sykes had now finished revising the location, and his party was disbanded. The members, however, were given work on construction. Mather and the leveller were each put in charge of a section; and Bill Bliss was sent to me as rodman.

The bridge work was not being done by contract.

Weller and bridge crews were employed directly by James Ross—just as I was. So that simplified matters in connection with my camp. Weller's camp and mine were combined in one. I had a tent for Bliss and myself; and we had our meals in Weller's dining-tent. Thus I was always in close touch with the bridge crew.

The bridges between Calgary and Red Deer were, for the most part, small. So the work progressed quite rapidly. We moved to Red Deer toward the latter part of November, just as winter was setting in; and immediately started work on the bridge over the Red Deer River. The track got there a day or two later.

The bridge was on the same plan as the one over the Bow River, two Howe-truss spans of 150 feet each; and the framing and erection of these was to be our work for the winter.

We had comfortable quarters in a box-car, and the winter passed very pleasantly. In the evenings we generally had some game of cards, or checkers, to while away the time. Whist, however, was our favourite game. We got news, from time to time, of the doings in Calgary. One item which caused considerable excitement, was the news that James Reilly had beaten Dr. Lafferty in the election contest for mayor of Calgary.

The weather all through December was mild. There were a few cold dips in January, but, on the whole, mild weather was prevalent during that month too; and by the end of the month the bridge had been completed.

We then set out for Calgary; some by hand-car, and others by wagon. I was one of those who travelled by wagon. The weather was fine, with clear bright sunshine, and the road free from snow. The crew kept singing cheerfully on the way; and this contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the journey.

We made the trip—100 miles—in two days and a half;

and after we had our camp established at construction headquarters, we started work on the permanent truss bridge over the Bow.

When we were building this bridge, a General Election for the Dominion Parliament took place, which created a diversion by giving us something quite different to think about, and take part in.

Alberta at that time was not a province, but simply a constituency of the North West Territories, entitled to elect one member to the Dominion Parliament.

D. W. Davis of Macleod—who had been the member in the former parliament—and Mayor Reilly of Calgary, were the candidates in this election. Both ran as Conservatives. Reilly laid some claim to be an orator; but Davis had no such pretensions. He, however, beat Reilly; and so became, for the second time, the representative at Ottawa for the Constituency of Alberta.

I have not yet made any mention of A. P. Patrick, a Veteran of the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870. He had been a pioneer of the west for a number of years by the time I first reached Calgary. I did not, however, meet him then, and I can't say just when I did meet him for the first time; but I think it was when the C. & E. Rly. was being built. And now, at an age well over ninety, he is still carrying on his business in Calgary, as a Dominion Land Surveyor.

Toward the end of March, I had disquieting news of my father. Bryce Wright had just returned from a visit to Scotland, in connection with the settlement of the estate of his brother James, who had died but a short time before. He brought me word that my father had had a stroke, and was longing to see me.

That gave me much to think about. I had intended, in any case, to visit him on the completion of the rail-

way; but the more I thought over the matter, the more it seemed to me that it was my duty not to delay my visit till then.

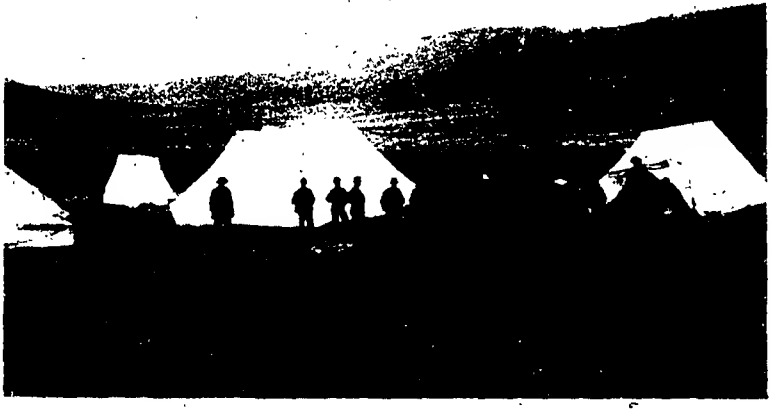
However, I continued looking after the erection of the Bow River bridge until it was completed. And when track-laying started again, I went to Red Deer on the first train going there, since the closing down for the winter.

I continued on the bridge work as far as Blindman; but there I finally decided to tender my resignation, and pay my visit to my father. It would be about the middle of May when I gave up my position.





Camp at MacPherson's Coulée



Camp at MacPherson's Coulée, Another View



Chapter XVI

SCOTLAND ONCE MORE
1891 - 92

AFTER spending a week or so at Ailsa Ranch, I set out on my journey to Scotland. I stopped at Toronto for a few days, and renewed acquaintance with many old friends. I then proceeded to New York and secured a berth on the steamship *City of Richmond,* sailing to Liverpool.

Although the age of luxury ships, as now known, had not yet arrived, there was some improvement in the accommodation on the *City of Richmond* over that of the old *Peruvian,* on which I had first come to Canada. I shared a comfortable state-room with a young Englishman; and we got on well together. We had seats at the same table in the dining-room; and beside us sat two American ladies. They were sisters; and were making their first trip across the ocean. The elder of the two was married, but had left her husband behind. So these two ladies and my state-room companion were my closest associates on the voyage.

The weather was fine, and all went well until we were about half-way across. Then, in the early hours one morning, I was roused from my sleep by my companion calling to me, and saying that the ship must be on fire. As he spoke I could hear a commotion on the deck below, and a voice shouting: "She's burning fore and aft!" On hearing this, I got up and dressed; and my companion did so too.

We then made for the upper deck; but we found the

stairway jammed with men and women who had not taken time to dress, and were still in their night clothes. Yet, I could see no signs of a fire. But I soon learned that there was indeed a fire, and a serious one. It was in the hold among bales of cotton; it was thus out of sight of the passengers, but was none the less alarming.

In a very short time the stewards were on hand, serving coffee to the worried crowd which was standing around.

When I finally reached the deck I was just in time to hear the captain calmly give the head steward the terse order: "Provision the boats." That order was promptly carried out; and the boats made ready to launch.

When daylight dawned, it was a sorry sight to see the good old Union Jack flying upside down, as a signal of distress. To make matters worse, a storm had arisen with a strong head wind, against which, owing to a shortage of steam for the engines, the ship had difficulty in ploughing her way. This shortage was caused by using as much steam as could be spared, to keep the fire under control.

Toward noon, a small steamer was sighted on the horizon, going on the same course as we were. By afternoon, we had caught up with it and our captain signalled that his ship was on fire; he wanted this steamer to keep alongside, and take us on board if necessary. This was agreed to. But the slow speed of this little steamer made a further slowing down of our own speed necessary.

All the crew, stewards included, were kept busy fighting the fire; and in order to give these fire-fighters freedom to work, the passengers were turned out of their staterooms and were given sleeping-quarters on the deck above; the men in the dining-room, and the women in the lounge-room. But we had to sleep on the floor. Mattresses and blankets were spread there at night for our use; and were rolled up during the day. To me, this was just camp life over again.

After sailing in company with the small steamer for two days, I was awakened on the morning by a steward

calling to me that the *Servia*—one of the Cunard Line ships—was alongside, and that I should get up and see her. She was on her way to Liverpool, and had overtaken us during the night. She was a more commodious and faster ship than the small tramp steamer, with which till then, we had been keeping alongside. So our captain had called on her to convoy us instead.

We then learned that the *City of Paris*, of the Inman Line—the line to which the *City of Richmond* also belonged—was on her way from Liverpool to New York; was expected to be sighted that day; and that the captain of the *Servia* wanted the *Paris* to turn back and convoy the *Richmond*, and let the *Servia* proceed on her way.

That afternoon, a loud blast from the whistle of the *Servia*, as she made a sudden dash past us, turned all eyes in the direction in which she was heading. We could see a ship on the horizon well to the north-east of us. This proved to be the *City of Paris*, which the *Servia* had sighted, and was on her way to head off.

On board an Atlantic liner, one rarely gets an adequate conception of the speed at which it is going. But from our vantage-point on the *Richmond*, we had a vivid picture of the speed at which the *Servia* and the *Paris*, like two huge locomotives, were rushing toward each other. It seemed but a few minutes till the *Servia* was back, accompanied by the *Paris*; and these three ships were lying together, on a perfectly calm sea. They formed a most interesting picture.

A boat from the *Servia* was then put out for the *Paris*, and it brought the captain of that ship to the side of the *Richmond*. He was about to mount the rope ladder that had been let down, but our captain signalled to him to stay where he was, and he went down the ladder himself and had his talk with him in the boat. He evidently did not want to alarm the passengers by their chancing to hear how serious he considered the situation to be.

But looking down at the boat we could see from his gesticulations that he considered it to be most grave.

The captain of the *Paris* was Commodore of the Inman Line of ships; and the decision as to which course to take evidently rested on him—whether it would be more costly to have the *Paris* turn back, than to hold the *Servia* as convoy for the *Richmond*. The Inman Line would doubtless have to foot the bill in either case. He decided that the *Paris* should hold her course and that the *Servia* continue as our convoy.

So, in company with the *Servia* we kept on our way. The sea was perfectly calm, and she kept so close to the *Richmond* that we could hear her dinner gong sounding at meal times. We got to Liverpool some four or five days later, after a voyage lasting about two weeks. And there, as the passengers were landing, they gave rousing cheers for the captain, whom they had come to look upon as the ideal captain. He had been so cheerful and considerate to everyone in the trying situation which he had to cope with.

Prior to our landing, a handsome sum had been collected on board for the crew, in recognition of their unremitting efforts in fighting the fire, and keeping it under control.

When I arrived at Turnberry—my old home—I got a warm welcome from my father, and from Robert. But I found Father had failed greatly since my former visit. His right hand was practically useless. But he was cheerful, and still took keen interest in the farm. The actual work and supervision, however, now devolved upon Robert.

I stayed at Turnberry pretty closely for the first few weeks, and visited only those of my friends who were in the neighbourhood. I missed very much not having Dowhill to go to, for James Wright—as I have already mentioned—had passed away. I, however, went a little

farther past Dowhill, and paid a short visit to my uncle and aunt McCulloch on the farm at Laggan, close to Ballantrae; just an eighteen mile drive from Turnberry. There were four girls in the family, all grown up by that time; and they gave me a merry time. I also looked in on Cousin Etta in Ayr, and on Uncle George at Maybole, quite frequently. Cousin Susan's school was closed for the holidays. So, instead of visiting her, I had the pleasure of her company at Turnberry where she spent a few days with us.

I had, for some time, been giving considerable thought to my future in Canada. Railway construction seemed to have passed its zenith, for a time, and mining was coming to the fore. So I thought I might possibly try my hand at mining; and to better fit myself for it, I went to Glasgow about the end of July, for a month, and took lessons in assaying from Dr. Clarke, the City Analyst. I had attended his lectures in chemistry when serving my apprenticeship. During that month in Glasgow, I met many old friends; and spent pleasant week-ends with aunts and cousins who were then living in Edinburgh. I had an invitation, too, from Robert Allan to visit him at Howwell; and that invitation I gladly accepted.

In his letter he told me of the changes that had taken place in the Allan family since my last visit to him. Their mother had died, and the old home at Cumnock had been broken up.

Miss Allan was still keeping house for him; and he also had her younger sisters, Grace, and Saidie, with him at Howwell.

Andrew had gone to Selkirk, and was engaged in the yarn-spinning business there.

His younger brother William, whom I had not yet met, was living in lodgings in Glasgow; and I called on him one evening and made his acquaintance. He was then in the employment of the Clydebank Shipbuilding

and Engineering Company, in the Clydebank shipbuilding yard. Shortly afterwards he was with the National Telephone Company, and eventually with the Post Office Engineering Department of the State.

When I had finished my course in assaying, I set out for Howwell on the day fixed by Robert Allan for my visit. On my arrival at Kirkcudbright station, I was delighted to find Miss Allan there, with the dogcart, to meet me. I had had no communication with her since my former visit; and I had no idea what her feelings toward me were. But her coming to meet me was, I thought, quite encouraging.

She, however, evidently didn't want me to think that she had come because she wanted to. For, as I mounted the dogcart and took my seat beside her, she was quick in explaining the reason for her coming. Robert, she said, was too busy with his harvest to come himself to meet me; so she had to come in his place. But the very fact of her making this explanation when no explanation was needed, encouraged me all the more; and I there and then determined to do my best to win her.

It was a beautiful morning, with the sun shining brightly, and the six-mile drive to Howwell passed most pleasantly. The horse was a high-spirited one; and I was pleased to note the expert way in which Miss Allan handled it.

On arriving at Howwell I was heartily welcomed by Robert, and introduced to Grace and Saidie, who each had a welcome smile for me. Saidie was still a schoolgirl, but was in her last year and would be returning to her school in Glasgow after the holidays.

Anyone who has had the experience of making love to his hostess will admit that it is a delicate matter; and difficult too, when the hostess has two sisters who are continually in her company, and there seems no chance of ever getting her alone.

But my chance finally came, after I had been a week at Howwell. Saïdie was about to leave for her school in Glasgow, and the day before she left, she and Grace were going to make some calls that afternoon, by themselves. Now or never, was my thought as I saw them leave the house, and the door close behind them. At last I had Miss Allan alone; and I made such good use of this opportunity that, long before her sisters returned, she had consented to be my wife, and accompany me to Canada in the spring.

We had now to consider how we should tell the other members of the family, of our engagement. I undertook to tell Robert; and Miss Allan undertook to tell the others.

When I confessed to Robert what I had done, he said I might have done worse; but afterwards remarked that stealing his housekeeper was a nice trick to play on him.

Andrew did not seem to take the news as complacently as Robert. Miss Allan showed me his reply to her letter telling him of our engagement. He did not object to her getting married, but he hated to think of losing her by her going to Canada. In his own facetious way, he wrote: "What does the beggar mean, taking you away to Canada?"

Several years later, he was to know from his own personal experience what the beggar meant. For he took a trip to Canada and married a Canadian girl, Miss Margaret Anderson of Guelph, and took her to Scotland.

On my return to Turnberry I told my father of my engagement, and he seemed well pleased. I also showed him Miss Allan's photograph, and that pleased him too; for he remarked: "Fine!" Some few weeks later I brought her to Turnberry, so that he should see her in person and get to know her. He was well satisfied and gave us his blessing.

I was not long either in letting Cousin Susan know.

She was delighted. As a match-maker she had played her cards well, and had her heart's desire.

About this time I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Peter Paterson, an Ayr Academy schoolmate and one of my most intimate friends in the days when I was serving my apprenticeship in Glasgow. He too was then serving his apprenticeship as a civil engineer. He afterwards took a course in engineering at the university; and then went to Australia. And now, like myself, he was on a visit to his native land, and was staying with his sister, Mrs. Rennie, at Maybole. So, being so close to each other, we had many interesting walks together; just as we had had when we were in Glasgow.

He did not, however, return to Australia, but went to Texas, and engaged in ranching.

I lost sight of him for many years; but recently got in touch with him again, and I hear from him about once a year.

He is now spending the evening of his life very comfortably in Austin, Texas, with his wife and family. He is the only one of my schoolmates about whom I know anything now.

I spent a quiet Christmas at Turnberry with Father and Robert. For New Year's day I went to Howwell, and participated in a happy reunion of all the members of the Allan family. I stayed for a few days and then returned to Turnberry.

Early in February my father had the misfortune to fall and break his hip. I stayed closely with him after that. But he did not recover; the shock to his system was too great. He gradually got weaker, and passed away on the 9th of March; just two weeks before the date which had been fixed for my marriage.

I felt his loss keenly. But I had the comforting thought that although I had been away from him for so many

years, I had been with him at the last. And that thought still remains with me.

Robert took over the farm, and carried on for thirty years. Then he too passed away.

The marriage, with all the preparations which had been made for it, could not be postponed, even if it did follow so closely upon this sad event. It took place at Howwell on the 23rd of March, 1892, in the presence of numerous relatives on both sides of the family.

My wife and I went to Paris on our wedding trip; and afterwards visited a number of our most intimate relatives and friends, so that I could get introduced to hers, and she to mine.

We sailed from Liverpool to Montreal early in May, on the *Parisian* of the Allan Line. The weather was fine, and we had a comfortable voyage. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. John Lee Johnston and their little daughter Isa, well known Old Timers in Calgary.

Louise Philippe Hébert, noted French Canadian sculptor, was also one of the passengers. He sat beside us at meals, and we got to be very friendly with him. He had a keen sense of humour, and we found him very amusing. It was he who, many years afterwards, designed the beautiful South African War Memorial which stands in Memorial Park in Calgary and when he came to Calgary for the unveiling ceremony, my wife and I had the pleasure of entertaining him in our own home. Some years later, we met him again in Paris where he had taken up his residence. And it was he who did the entertaining this time, in his home.

We spent some time in Montreal, Toronto, and Niagara Falls, so that my wife would get some knowledge of Eastern Canada, before going on to Calgary, where I had made up my mind to settle down.

We arrived in Calgary early in June; but it looked more like December; for we were welcomed with a snowstorm.

We took up our abode at the Alberta Hotel; and stayed there until I had a house built. This hotel was then being run by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Perley; and they looked after our comforts well.

After I had decided where to build, I engaged Llewelyn Wilson, of the firm of Child & Wilson, as architect. Thomas Underwood was the contractor.

The house was completed by the spring of 1893; and we then took possession, and settled down to housekeeping. My roving days were over; and I feel that will be a fitting period at which to conclude my reminiscences. Before concluding, however, there are a few remarks I would yet like to make.

Robert Allan, since I stole—as he said—his housekeeper, hadn't let the grass grow under his feet. For, on the first anniversary of our marriage, he got married himself; and thus settled his housekeeping problems, for good and all.

William Allan then took Grace and Saidie under his care, and started housekeeping with them in Glasgow.

I was engaged that spring in making a survey for the irrigation of some lands near Calgary. I had as leveller, Owen P. Schreiber, younger brother of C. S. Schreiber, who had been with me in Maine. And as rodman, I had a young man named Derwyn Trevor Owen. And that young man since became Archbishop Owen of Toronto, and Primate of all Canada.

EPILOGUE

THERE were two sons of our marriage: John, and Allan. Both graduated in engineering at McGill University in Montreal. John became a pilot in the Royal Naval Air Service; and lost his life in the War of 1914-18.

Allan is now a partner in the firm of J. L. E. Price & Company, Building Contractors, Montreal. He is married; and has two daughters, and one son.

I had the misfortune to lose my wife in 1928. Since then I have been playing a lone hand in the same house that she and I took possession of fifty years ago.

Of the Big Four, mentioned in a preceding chapter, Mackenzie became Sir William Mackenzie; and Mann became Sir Donald D. Mann. Both were knighted for their services in promoting and constructing the Canadian Northern Railway.

Holt, too, was knighted, and became well known as Sir Herbert S. Holt. He received his knighthood in recognition of his services in connection with the planning of the railway system for the Army in France in the War of 1914-18.

Ross, the Chief, however, remained just James Ross until the end.

Of the engineers whom I have mentioned as having been associated with me on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the mountains, there are now only four about whom I know anything. These are:

G. H. Duggan, of the Dominion Bridge Company in Montreal.

T. K. Thomson, Consulting Engineer in New York.

A. K. Stuart, now living in semi-retirement at Hope, British Columbia.

J. E. Griffith, for many years in the service of the British Columbia Government in various capacities, and finally as Deputy Minister of Railways. He is now retired, and is living at Victoria, B. C.

I still keep in touch with these four, and see, or hear, from them about once a year.

While thinking of a fitting conclusion to these reminiscences, the words of a poem of Kingsley's have kept surging in my mind. The only time I ever read this poem, or heard it recited, was when I was serving my apprenticeship in Glasgow. It has lain dormant in my mind all those years. Now that it has awakened I show it here, just as I remember it. There may be some slight variations from the original, in the wording; but not in the sentiment, I feel sure.

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
To range the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there
The halt and maimed among.
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young."

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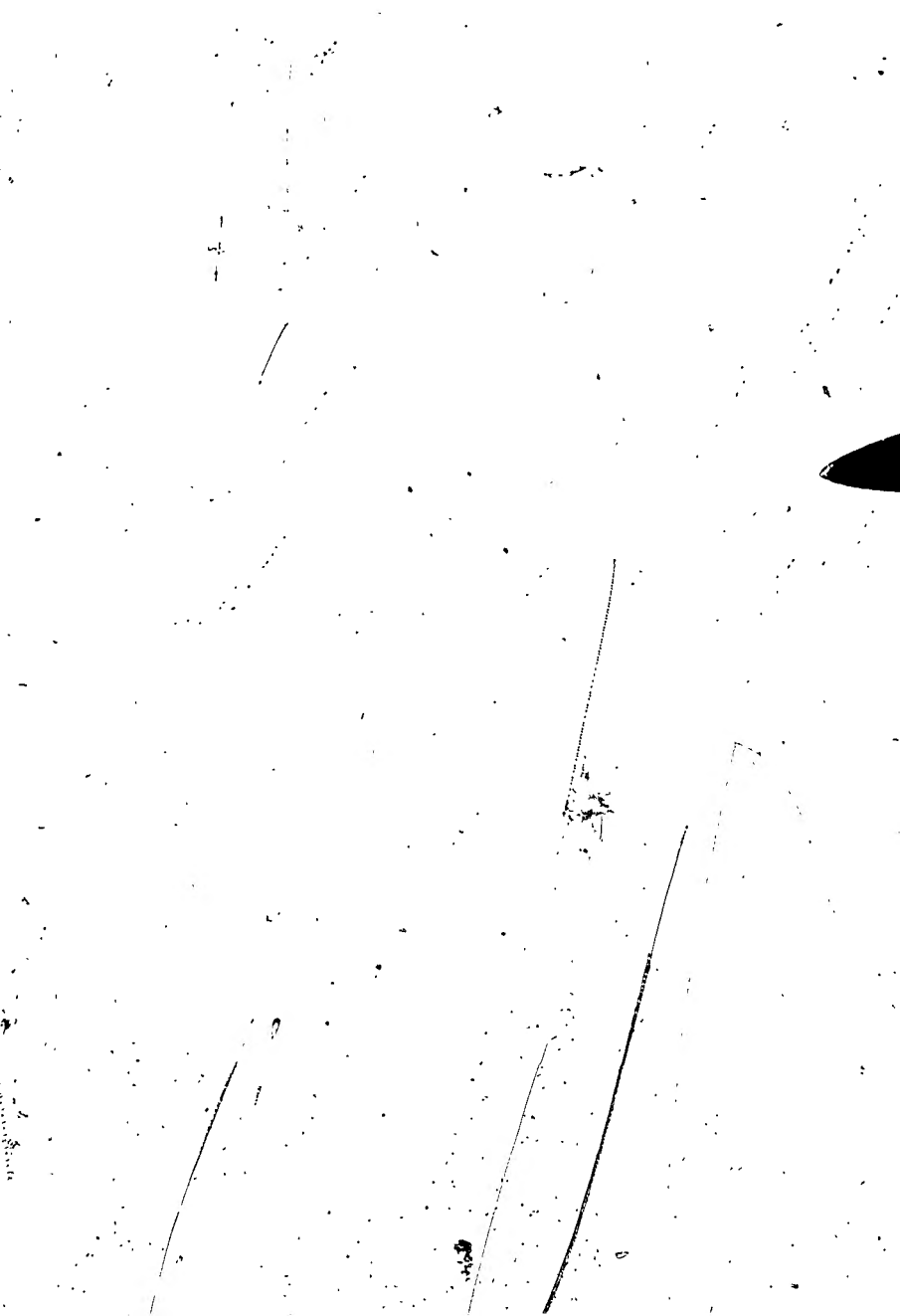
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